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JAMES MARTINEAU.

The Life of Dr. Martineau, written with notable amplitude of detail, yet with becoming reserve, is before us in two portly volumes.¹ The scope is large enough to satisfy the most exacting affection; the accuracy, even allowing for an occasional slip, is thorough and rare; the tone is reverent, the spirit independent, and the treatment throughout impartial while as fond as an admiring discipleship can make it. The first part is biographical, and cannot be charged with being either brief or frivolous; the second part, which is from another hand, deals with the philosophy, and is at once vigorous and lucid. The duplication of authorship has its advantages, for the field was at first so well gleaned that the second gleaner is tempted to carry off bodily some of the sheaves. Yet Dr. Martineau's significance is so much due to the philosophy he stood for that without a full study of him as a thinker his biography would not have been either satisfactory or complete. And the philosopher has here a lighter and more springy step than the biographer. The book, as a whole, may be said to be rather colorless, to want both the atmosphere and the background which were needed to bring out the proper-

tions of the central figure. But its sobriety and its conscientious workmanship entitle it to a high place in the class of literature to which it belongs.

Dr. Martineau came of a fine stock, for in him the blood of the French Huguenot blended with the blood of the English Puritan. He owed to the one his keen and delicate intelligence, the elaborate elegance of his style and his love of the true as the Beautiful and the Good; and to the other his severe conscientiousness, his ideal of freedom, his ethical passion, his strenuous obedience to the conscience which he held to be the voice of God. It used to be said that Harriet Martineau was the man of the family and James the woman, but this biography proves the saying to be not even superficially true. There is in the man as he here appears a singular strength of will, integrity of nature and devotion to both intellectual and moral ideals. There is indeed a curious detachment in his friendships; though he is, in his way through life, anything but companionless, or unaccompanied by the affection that loves to admire and follow. But in his highest moods he dwells alone save for the God with whom he

¹ "The Life and Letters of James Martineau," by James Drummond, M. A., LL. D., Litt. D.

and C. B. Upton, B. A., B. Sc. Two volumes, London (James Nisbet and Co.) 1902.

seems to speak face to face. Where he has a belief to vindicate or an ideal to pursue nothing personal is allowed to stand in the way. He has several beautiful friendships among the men of his own age, Charles Wicksteed, William Gaskell, John Hamilton Thom, John James Tayler; and these he loved with a devotion as rare as it was constant. And no one who ever heard him speak of the man to whose memory he dedicated his "Study of Religion," can ever forget the tenderness that stole into his austere face, flushed his pale features, and brought the tear into his introspective yet forward-looking eye at the mention of "the friendship" and "the companionship in duty and in study" which for thirty years made his lofty not a solitary way. He had many admirers among pupils, though perhaps but one pre-eminent friend. Richard Holt Hutton was not only a great editor, but also a clear if not a subtle thinker, a man of intensely religious and ethical nature who achieved much for the political education of his time because of the fine fusion in him of spiritual emotion with moral passion. Hutton was indeed an admiring disciple, but it is doubtful whether he ever fully appreciated what he owed to Martineau, to the solicitude that watched over his forming, and never ceased to regard wistfully the intelligence it had done so much to discipline. But Martineau's heart was given to ideas rather than to persons. This finds its best known, though not its most characteristic, illustration in what we may term the affair of his sister Harriet. She must have been—to use the very descriptive phrase which the elder Mrs. Carlyle applied to her own son:—"Gey ill to dae wi'," which means "not easy to get along with." But this temper of hers came from the same sort of moral integrity or ultra-conscientiousness which we have so frequent occasion to admire

in her brother James. A saying of hers was once reported to me by a friend who heard it, which shows the womanly instinct that guided her moral judgments. They had been talking of a distinguished philosopher and the affection he had entertained for his wife while she was still the wife of another. Harriet Martineau broke out in impassioned speech somewhat to this effect: "He had no right to indulge his affection at the expense of an innocent household. He had found a woman fairly contented with her lot, with a husband and a family living in comfortable good feeling each toward the other. When he realized that his affection for this woman was growing into a passion he ought to have withdrawn from her society and stamped out his feeling for her, but instead he continued within her spell and allowed it to become mutual and so potent that it alienated the wife from the husband, and broke up the family." And the man she thus severely censured she refused to count among her friends. The anecdote is repeated not to be endorsed, but simply to show that in Harriet Martineau there was a kind of moral intolerance which could not have been unknown to her brother. He had himself the same characteristic, though he had it under more masculine control. But the brother and sister were too much alike in their moral tendencies to get along easily together. Like a woman she was apt to defend opinions which were those of a person she admired, just as she was ready to despise the person who held opinions from which she strongly dissented. When she fell under the influence of Atkinson and their "Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development" were published, her brother as one of the editors of the "Prospective Review" had to consider whether he should examine the book. He knew the temper of his sister, but he knew

also what loyalty to his own beliefs required; and he elected to defend these beliefs even though his sister should suffer from his criticism. He judged that his public duties as reviewer and teacher did not allow him to be silent, however much he would have preferred as a brother not to speak. Those who have never had to choose between his alternatives may be fitly left to judge him; I will not.

Dr. Martineau was born a Unitarian. The body is small and recent, but its history is ancient. He had inherited with his blood the special French and English types of Presbyterian character, notably their severity of conscience, their love of order, and their devotion to an ideal faith and duty. It has been said that small bodies are less national than large, that they tend to be limited in spirit, local and prejudiced in mind, thinking and feeling like men who live outside the great streams which flow through such broad channels as the Church and the Universities. But have not some of our brightest and largest spirits been formed in small societies? In proportion to their numbers the Friends have rendered more pre-eminent service to England than any other body of Christian men. Their founder taught them to live for great moral and religious ends in total indifference to forms whether religious or social. From William Penn they learned to respect the lower races and to be ready to deal with them as possessing the rights and the capabilities of men. In Elizabeth Fry was expressed their sense of obligation to the criminal and the outcast classes, the conviction that the man in the prison was still a man whose misdeeds could not justify us in forgetting our own duties. From Joseph Lancaster came the feeling of obligation to the ignorant, to the children that needed to be educated and schooled. Without men like Joseph Sturge the eman-

cipation of the slaves would have been impossible, or the feeling, which has done so much to ennoble our race, that where England reigned there freedom must rule, and freedom could not rule where justice was denied. John Bright taught us the truth that freedom,—and not the force that remedied no ill,—was the true cure for disorder, that law ought not to favor special classes or enrich the few while impoverishing the many. I have a profound reverence for societies like these, whose services have enlarged both the idea and the practice of humanity, and given the poor in all lands where English power has been felt cause to remember the higher motives of the English people.

In a less degree—as it seems to me—the same claim of a largeness which is more than national may be made on behalf of the Unitarian societies. They have not preserved their early faith, but they have maintained and indeed augmented their early enthusiasm for humanity, so that we may say that just as they have ceased to emphasize traditional dogmas they have emphasized moral qualities, patriotic and public service. It does not fall to me to describe the history or to indicate the forces that have worked for change in the Unitarian mind. One may protest against tyranny till the very idea of freedom is lost, and it is possible that the Unitarian Churches have so loved freedom that they have come to forget that it is rather a means to an end than an end in itself. This may or may not be so; but one thing seems clear: That James Martineau owed much of his power and the lucid tenacity with which he fought for his beliefs possibly to the paucity of the beliefs he held, but still more to the splendid moral past they embodied to his imagination. He had not a whole ecclesiastical system to defend, nor could he invoke such a system in his

own defence. If his beliefs were limited his belief was intense, rooted in the very marrow of his mind. While men were thinking of the Eucharist, of the priestly office, of absolution and the confessional, he was thinking of God and how to vindicate the faith in Him and His being to faith. A distinguished Anglican, long gone from our midst, once asked me if I did not think Martineau more than any other man fulfilled Novalis' aphorism as to Spinoza, a "God-Intoxicated man." It was true; God possessed him, inspired him, ruled him. His ambition was to hear God speak in conscience and to obey the law God proclaimed there. And this ambition Martineau largely owed to his Unitarian birth and breeding. His Church in the form he knew it had been made by Joseph Priestley. Priestley was a man of courage as well as conviction; who had, with a fearlessness which made the criticisms of Principal Robertson or of Lord Hailes seem flaccid and feeble, though with less knowledge and courtesy than Bishop Watson displayed, written against Gibbon's famous Fifteenth and Sixteenth Chapters in the "Decline and Fall." In Martineau's own city learned families like the Taylors had lived and given distinction both to the city and the society. In secondary education men like Lant Carpenter had done for the dissenters what schools of prouder name and less efficiency were doing for the Anglican Church. In the Seminary at York where Martineau was educated, men taught whose characters would have distinguished any society. Of one of them, Martineau said, "He never justified a prejudice; he never misdirected our admiration; he never hurt an innocent feeling or overbore a serious judgment; and he set up within us a standard of Christian scholarship to which it must ever exalt us to aspire." And as to the other he said the late Dean Stanley was jus-

tified in placing him "in the same line with Blomfield and Thirlwall," for he stood "so far above the level of either vanity or dogmatism, that cynicism itself could not think of them in his presence."

But Dr. Martineau concerns us here mainly under two aspects, as a divine and as a philosopher. As a divine he was at once a theological critic and a religious teacher. I use the term "critic" deliberately, for in theology he was nothing if not critical. Certainly "positive" would be the last term one could here apply to him. He interpreted, construed and conserved no single doctrine specially distinctive of the Christian religion. But he effected radical changes not only in the form but in the very material of the faith his people had lived by. His primary interests were philosophical and his theology was not so much interpreted through his philosophy as adapted to it. When he became a minister he found the Unitarian Churches with certain fixed traditions, certain very defined beliefs and a temper which controversy had made watchful and quick, critical and dogmatic, equally swift to assail a foe or defend a belief. Its philosophy had been more varied than its theology, and while to its contemporaries its spirit was more critical than conservative, to us its conservatism is more remarkable and pronounced than its criticism. On the dogmatic side its views have been throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century what were termed Socinian, towards the end of the century they tended to become Unitarian. The distinction between these terms may be thus indicated: the Socinian view was the more soteriological—i.e., it emphasized the work of Christ and endeavored to show how it gained in humanity and became more agreeable to reason by His person and action being read in historical rather than in

purely supernatural terms. But the Unitarian was more theological—i.e., it seized the conception of deity, emphasized and criticised the incredibilities of the orthodox idea of God, and endeavored to accommodate the idea of Him to the reason which deism had done so much to make shallow and superficial. The changes had been accomplished mainly by the extraordinary and aggressive energy of Priestley, and corresponded to the adoption of a philosophy which agreed more with his doctrines than with the traditions of his Church. That philosophy was empirical, especially as empiricism had been interpreted by Hartley, and seriously modified the fundamental ideas of "spirit" as applied to God and of "soul" as used of man. But Priestley's philosophy, though it had all the aggressive qualities of his combative and not always tolerant personality, had been worked into harmony with the doctrines which had been called Socinian and were now coming to be known as Unitarian. The change of emphasis, though its effect did not at once appear, could not but modify the traditional ideas. These had avowedly been built upon the Scriptures and assumed their authority. This authority the new philosophy had at first made all the more necessary. The empiricism which deduces religious ideas from impressions of sense has to deal with this fundamental problem;—grant that man is without any ideas till the senses convey them into his understanding, how shall the knowledge of God and the obligations of religion be got into his mind? This made it all the more necessary that the grand organ of religious knowledge should be outward, authoritative, created by the act and the inspiration of God. Hence the Unitarian was most conservative in his interpretation and—as we may now say—though it was not said then, differential in his use of Scripture. Some

most conservative as well as enlightened critics were reckoned by Dr. Martineau among his spiritual ancestry. Thus he spoke of one of his tutors as "a master of the true Lardner type," referring as expressed in Nathaniel Lardner whose discussions on "The credibility of the Gospel History" made William Paley's "Evidences of Christianity" possible. But besides the authority of Scripture the Unitarian theology held strongly to the belief in the miraculous, especially as expressed in the resurrection of Christ, to an ethical doctrine of His death, and to a supernatural, though not a divine theory of His person. A subscribing, then, is not the only conservative church. A church may be all the more conservative that it is non-subscribing; and it is the simple historical truth to say that James Martineau began his ministry in the most conservative of all the religious societies of England and this conservatism he exemplified. He censured in his earliest book—which deals with "Reason, the Bible, and the Church"—the rationalists of Germany "for having preferred, by convulsive efforts of interpretation, to compress the memoirs of Christ and His apostles into the dimensions of ordinary life, rather than admit the operation of miracle on the one hand, or proclaim their abandonment of Christianity on the other." He also held that "in no intelligible sense can anyone who denies the supernatural origin of the religion of Christ be termed a Christian." His mind soon reacted against this conservatism and the reaction was hastened by the change in his philosophical principles. As became one not only of a mathematical mind and mechanical training but one who had been educated in a society where the influence of Priestley was all-pervasive, he had "carried into logical and ethical problems the maxims and postulates of physical knowledge," and

had moved within the narrow lines drawn by the philosophical instructions of the class-room "interpreting human phenomena by the analogy of external nature"; and served in willing captivity "the 'empirical' and 'necessarian' mode of thought even though 'shocked' by the dogmatism and acrid humors of certain distinguished representatives."

But the transcendentalism which was native to his mind soon emancipated him from this yoke, and the more stress he threw upon the freedom of man the more he needed an absolute law or categorical imperative to guide him in his choices. But the more emphasis Martineau threw upon the law man carried within, the more did he feel himself bound to emancipate man from the traditions and the dogmas which gave him a law from without. From this came the gradual surrender of those dogmas or positions which had been a note of the Unitarian Churches. The miracles were surrendered, the moral preeminence of Christ was affirmed, but His physical transcendence denied. Authority was taken from without and planted within, and the system of the later Martineau stood out as one which was formally Christian but essentially theistic and ethical, a refined and beautiful individualism (for the individual it expressed was refined in spirit and beautiful in character) but it was only nominally Christian.

Martineau's function as a religious teacher had a very different course. The more he emancipated himself from the traditions and doctrines of his school the freer became his religious spirit, the more eloquent his religious speech. The successive hymn-books that he issued, his "Endeavors after the Christian Life," and his "Hours of Thought" showed how strong was the passion of devotion within him and how rich the expression it craved. It

appears at every point; the traces of the friend who perhaps more than any other contributed to his emancipation, W. E. Channing, whose "pure and powerful soul" rested in the immovable faith "that moral perfection is the essence of God and the supreme end for man." One of Martineau's most impressive essays is on "Personal Influences in Present Theology," and were one to select the influences that mainly contributed to the formation of the man, we should place together Channing, Emerson, Theodore Parker and Schleiermacher. But pre-eminently within himself in his own rich and beautiful nature were deposited the seeds that made him the religious teacher he became. He told us more than once that when he sought religious inspiration it was not to the thinkers of his own school or the teachers of his own faith that he went, but to the great mystics and saints of other communions. In this he was perhaps rather less than just to the society which claimed him. Take out of his history men like W. E. Channing and he would neither have had the religion nor the outlook that made him the teacher he was.

But as we have already hinted, the main significance of Martineau as a thinker was philosophical rather than theological. It is as an interpreter of our ultimate philosophic and ethical ideas as constituting the basis and essence of religion that he has a claim upon our grateful remembrance. He realized, as no other man of his age did, the intellectual worth and the moral value of the theistic idea. If it be true that every man is born either a Platonist or an Aristotelian, a Stoic or an Epicurean, then we may say that Martineau was by intellectual necessity a Platonist and by moral compulsion a Stoic. As the one his endeavor was to discover and express our highest transcendental ideal—which to him

was no mere abstraction, but living and concrete being—the God who was the soul of nature. As the other he was ever in search of a moral law which should bind men to the throne of the eternal and imperatively command the person it so bound. His emancipation from the earlier empirical and necessarian philosophy into which he had come by inheritance was due to what we may call the growth of his own nature, which was essentially too moral to live in bondage to physical conditions or ancestral causes, and too intellectual to be satisfied with anything less than a rational interpretation of the universe. He was indeed so constituted that he could as little have been a sceptic like Hume, or a Necessarian like Priestley—as Hume could have been a moralist like Kant, or Priestley a transcendental dreamer like Coleridge. And the very growth of Martineau's mind was conditioned and governed by the evolution of collective and objective thought which gave him his opportunity. In his early days the rival forces in English philosophy were represented by Hamilton and the elder Mill. And it is curious that alike in their difference and in their agreement they furnished the antithesis needed for the dialectical development and the reasoned expression of his own mind. Hamilton's great classical contribution to the discussion of our highest philosophical idea had been published just as Martineau was entering upon his ministry, and about the same time James Mill's "Analysis of the Human Mind" had appeared. It would hardly be correct to say that they differed in their psychology but agreed in their metaphysics. But it very nearly approached this point. Hamilton stood by the old Scotch philosophy which had come to him in criticism of Hume from Thomas Reid, through Dugald Stewart, and argued that perception must be pre-

sentative rather than representative. But he took Kant's doctrine of relativity and argued that in its ultimate expression thought must be so conditioned that it could never know the Infinite. Hamilton never brought into relationship the two parts of his system, and should have explained how the knowledge of the real world—which he owed to Reid—could be reconciled with the doctrine of relativity in the higher knowledge which he owed to Kant. The theological deductions from Hamilton's doctrine of the absolute were of two possible kinds: One of these was drawn by Mansel, and signified that since we could not know we could not criticise the abstruser and more fundamental doctrines of faith, and must therefore rely for our knowledge of them and for their authenticity to us upon the authority by which they were revealed and authenticated or defined. The other alternative deduction was drawn by Mr. Herbert Spencer and signified that since we could not know the ultimate cause or the unconditioned reality, we had better be content with our ignorance and explain the universe we could know in the terms of matter, motion and force. The alternatives were equally offensive to Martineau; in his earlier period he contested the first, in his later period he contested the second. In a universe where will was free causation could not be unknown, or where conscience was supreme in man there could not be an unethical nature or laws that were indifferent to morality. There is no finer example in the history of thought of the value of the theistic temper or of the victorious force that lives in moral idealism. It is largely owing to him that our age was not swept off its feet by the rising tide of materialistic and pseudo-scientific speculation. The qualities of his rhetoric made him the more efficient an apologist for his the-

istic idea, and clothed it in an elegance of form that commended it to the fastidious in literary feeling. He commended it with a fervor that made it impressive to the religious emotions. He justified his criticism by psychology, and made the man who lived in an age of doubt realize the intellectual energy and the ethical force that lived in our ultimate religious ideas. The services he rendered on this side of his activity are hardly capable of critical appreciation. I am content for my own part to speak as a pupil and as a distant admirer, and say that at critical moments the name of James Martineau was a tower of strength to the feeble, and his words—like Luther's—were not only half battles, but equal to whole victories.

I have said little or nothing touching one side of his activity. Literary criticism was never his strong point, least of all was he strong in that which concerned such a literature as the historian of the Christian origins has to handle. He was indeed deficient in historical imagination, though abstract ideas he could embody in imaginative forms. He belongs to the great religious personalities of the nineteenth century. He did in England something of the same work that Schleiermacher achieved in Germany. Their philosophies differed, their personalities agreed. He was more a contrast than a parallel to John Henry Newman. Newman was never happy in the presence of conscience; Martineau was never happy away from it. The one pursued an unwearied quest for an external authority in religion; the other unweariedly argued that we had within us an ample and adequate authority

and needed no other. Newman had a greater sense of sin than Martineau, and his Church was an institution for the reconciliation of man and God. Martineau had a finer imagination, a purer and more spiritual nature than Newman, and his quest was for the sovereignty of God, the reign of a categorical imperative over his soul. He had much less historical insight than Maurice; but far more philosophical lucidity, the reason that could see the relations between the Maker and the man He had made. He had none of the casuistry which made it so agreeable to Maurice to reconcile the revolted mind of to-day to the history or the books or the symbols from which it had revolted. But he saw as Maurice never did into the godlikeness of man and the manlikeness of God—i.e., he correlated the two in a synthesis which the soul of the other may have desired but never achieved. Curiously indeed he had more affinity with Herbert Spencer than with either of the religious thinkers just named. Spencer's view of the universe seemed to him inadequate and unreal, and his view seemed to Spencer fantastic and arbitrary. But both men found everywhere a single energy, though to Spencer it might be an unconditioned force, and to Martineau a divine will.

In any case, we gratefully recognize the services he rendered to the theology and the religion of his time. He was a prophet of the ideal and the ethical, and we can devoutly say: Would that all the men who prophesy were as pure in thought, as noble in purpose, and as spiritual in imagination as he.

A. M. Fairbairn.

A TALE OF KARUIZAWA.

It was early in August 1897. I had been more than a year in Japan, and had not seen Karuizawa—an omission, I was told, which indicated both moral and mental obliquity. Mental, because Karuizawa spells Asama, the largest active volcano in Japan; and moral, because Karuizawa in summer means missionaries, who flock there from all points of the compass to revel in the upland air, to strengthen their bodies, and to question their souls as to what their Mission really is. So I hastened to set myself right, and one brilliant morning took the train at Uyeno and sped northwards out of glowing Tokyo heat.

Karuizawa is a rather English-looking moorland spot 3000 feet above the sea, in the very heart of Japan, some 90 miles to the west and north of Tokyo: it is about half-way on the Government line which crosses from one side of the island to the other. The first sixty miles we steam through level country, irrigated and glistening with a rich variety of crops; then leaving behind us Takasaki and the slow volume of the Tonegawa, we begin to rise rapidly from the fertile plain, as we ascend a deep valley which runs up into the everlasting hills; and now we stop for ten minutes at Yokokawa, in the heart of a beautiful picture. On the left towers a most dramatic escarpment, facing us like a spectacular mountain battlement: it is Miyogisan, with its jagged spires that crowd the sky in this region of purple shadows and dark indigo rifts of rock. Our engine is changed here, for the Abt rail begins, and we are lifted 2500 feet in the next seven miles. (This section cost the Government £30,000 per mile, a prodigious outlay in Japan.) We start

away on our rack-rail climb, every window bristling with heads: the contrast is striking between the wild irregular beauty of the gorge and the clean simplicity of the line, soaring up with gentle bend to right or left; tunnel follows tunnel, and the air grows each minute easier as we mount "1 in 15": everywhere sumptuous depths of luxuriant wood, with waterfalls as common as paving-stones in a hot city. Now comes the final tunnel, right under the rampart face, a range which hereabouts for miles is split into deep-cleft pinnacles ("candles" the Japanese call them) and strange fantastic architectural forms. We emerge on an uninteresting featureless plain, covered with coarse grass instead of verdant plots of rice.

I stepped out on the little platform, thinking it terrible anti-climax, the most un-Japanese spot I had seen; just a few wooden houses near the station—was this the Karuizawa dear to so many foreigners? But the voice of a missionary was heard in the booking-office—and they often prove very useful people. He kindly offered to escort me up a sandy road to the village, which lay a mile away. It was growing dusk when we entered the village street, some quarter-of-a-mile in length, and we might easily have passed by the "Manpei Hotel"—one of an inconspicuous wooden block—had there not been a couple of white tourists smoking out of a window on our right. No doubt of their nationality; that querulous soulless stare which is their way of saluting a new arrival: "O Lord!" it seems to say, "how long must we suffer Outsiders?" But the Head of the house knows how to make up for their deficiencies, as he hastens out to

offer the proverbial "warmest welcome at an inn"; so does his young wife, spotlessly clean, up at five, the life and brain of the house, never sarcastic or "put out," the long day through alert and cheerful, and always on the spot, in spite of six young children to whom she is court of appeal at each tiniest *contretemps*. She commands respect from every nationality, and can do anything except speak English—and that she probably can, but Japanese women, unlike men, shrink from a foreign language unless they can talk it properly. Her penultimate offspring, Goro, a boy of two, was sitting on the dais, noting the new imports with a satisfied air, and he now accosted me in an imperious tone, "*kochi oide nasai*" (please come here), extending his fat arm, and repeating the request, "*kochi ye o kake nasai*" (please sit here). Wishing to respond to the friendliness of his reception, I unlaced my shoes—which he knew I should have to do—and stepped up in my socks to sit beside him on the clean matting. Like a lark he rose, and sweetly shouting, "Goo-de moning, Goo-de bai!" he scuttled away to the kitchen as quick as his legs could carry him. His mother made contrite apology, and Goro became my fast friend.

Dinner at seven: what long-to-be-remembered mortals have we come across at these *tables d'hôte* in Japan, sometimes sitting next an angel unannounced, and now and then the opposite. Such chance encounters are never forgotten in China or Japan: years afterwards, and thousands of miles away, they may meet again, but they are always old friends in a kind of immortal way, for they "hear the East a-callin'." The picture fascinates; each familiar detail of a white man's meal stands out with tenfold definition here, because of the utterly contrasting background which throws it up in high relief: the metallic clatter of knives and

forks, while the children in the lobby eat their supper of rice with noiseless wooden *hashi* (chop-sticks); the assertive entry of strident boots amongst the silent footfall of the *nésan* flitting to and fro (a Japanese waitress rarely fails to break into a trot when serving you); the extraordinary variety of facial feature and color in our little party of twenty, as compared with the uniformity of black hair and black eyes in the population passing up and down the street; the more or less complaining expressions of the white folk lapped in every creature comfort, against the divine indifference (due to a coarse-grained nervous system, so the tipplers say in the Treaty Ports) of the sallow race who bear always a sunny countenance, whether the palate be tickled or no,—while, most conspicuous of all, at the white-skinned meal the woman comes not to minister, but to be ministered unto.

At this juncture, inspired by the excellent trout on my plate, I ventured to address again a lady on my right, who had met my advances with an irresponsible blank. She was an unmarried Englishwoman of about forty, hair almost white, a calm and kindly face, but an expression of such genuine unconcern as to arrest attention. She seemed to have weathered storms, and the ripples of a *table d'hôte* did not count in her calendar. Remarking to her on the merits of the fish, she replied, "Yes, I only came yesterday." She was exceedingly deaf, and I asked the twelve-year-old son of the house to look after her. As the meal proceeded she grew accustomed to the phrasing of my voice, and began to talk on her own account. "Do you know the country round here?" she asked. I said it was my first visit. Ah! she had been once before, last year, and to-morrow she must walk over to Kose to see if she could find the spot where she lost herself last summer.

"Lost yourself?" I inquired; for the hills had appeared so much more open and free from forest than is usually the case in a landscape in Japan. I forgot the tall grass, dense and—when tall enough—more bewildering than any forest.

"Four days and nights absolutely lost, entirely alone for many miles; not a voice came near me, though I walked on and on the whole time: not a crumb to eat, but plenty of water, above and below."

She spoke in a quiet unimpassioned way, as if she were plotting out some needlework for a friend: whatever her narrative would be, it would not be of the Rougemont type.

The white people began to rise from their ample meal—a strenuous campaign in the eyes of the little hand-maids—and filed away with Chinese solemnity, the men to smoke in the only public room, the ladies to chat in each other's rooms. This is doubtless a moving sight to a nation so steeped in convention as the Japanese, and, though the withdrawal of the sex may indicate some glimmer of propriety in Western female minds, it probably seems odd to them that the separation should occur at this particular stage, for Japanese women enjoy their pipe as much as men. (But what a pipe! as dainty as jewellery, with its tiny bowl and mouthpiece chased and polished bright.)

I went to sit in the entrance-hall, talking to a missionary from southern Formosa—for Karuizawa is in summer a cool magnetic spot, which draws the Protestant clergy from all over Japan and even China. Goro stepped down from the domestic dais, slipped on his sandals, and came to watch us sip our coffee. He accepted a lump of sugar that I tendered in token of forgiveness, and was moving off with it—barely held between finger and thumb—to show his mother, but that observant

slender matron promptly called, "*o jigī nasai—nān da?*" ("make your bow—what are you thinking of?"): wherefore Black-Eyes returned and offered due acknowledgment, placing his two palms on the floor, and ducking his round head till it lay between them. Then he flew to his mother, who made much of him.

Outside in the village street a vertical summer rain was falling, too heavy for English taste. The villagers strode up and down on their high *géta*, the light from many-colored lanterns scattered in twinkling points across the steaming road; each man, woman or child walked demurely beneath his wide umbrella—a heavy structure of thick oiled paper, not the toy variety that travels West—with a cylindrical pendent halo dripping round him as he went. They stop and chat in the down-pour rattling like hard peas on the stretched paper, talking with that good-humored indifference to discomfort which so astounds a man of Western birth. Higher up the street were sounds of revelry, where a few cronies were tossing off their *saké* after the drudgery of the day; and round the corner, as in model Christian lands, a little vice was having its innings. One thing we missed, for the voice of the Hooligan is not heard in Japan.

Within our wooden hostelry there was a rustle of skirts again, as the ladies came back to the lords. My deaf neighbor sat down with a missionary group in the porch, who begged her to tell how she lost herself last year on the hills. She began forthwith, in a contented unobtrusive tone.

"Yes, it was very curious. I had gone up to sleep at Kose (a tiny spa four miles to the north on higher ground), and in the morning, as I walked alone on the path that leads to Kusatsu, there were such splendid wild-flowers growing near that I could not help turning off to pick them. You

know how tall the grass becomes in summer, and how it looks like ordinary turf a mile away, because the top is all one height. Well, I strayed a few yards from the path, picking here and there, not noticing the grass was deeper every step, and when I had my arms full I turned to get back to the path. Of course I could not see it, for the grass rose above my head; but I felt certain I was retracing my steps the way I came, and in any case it was only a matter of a hundred yards or so. However, no path came, so I pushed through the tangle in another direction. Almost instantly I felt sick, as you do at the beginning of an earthquake, for, though I must be quite near to the path, yet with grass all round above my eyes there was no knowing what would happen: I might be going right away at that very moment, and the possibilities came like a shock. I believe I lost my head at once; I could not think, so I kept moving one way, then another. But simply pushing through this tall tough grass is very tiring work, even if you are on sloping ground and can judge where you will come out; and when it is level all round you, the heart is taken out of you, from the feeling that every step is probably burying you deeper. It is like being in a maze, with no one to show the way out; only this maze lasted miles, for all I knew."

"Could you not attract any one's notice by shouting?" the audience wished to know.

"I did shout, several times, but you see there are no cottages near, nor cultivated fields, so that it is not often any one would be going along the path; besides, buried in that grass, it would be difficult to judge where a voice came from; and then, if they heard, they would not pay much attention, as I could not speak Japanese. The heat was so stifling too, that the more effort I made the more suffocated

I felt; and, since whichever way I faced I could see no view but the forest of grass stems shutting me in, and could get no fresh air on my face, I soon burnt like a fever. Though it was blazing sunshine overhead, I was more helpless than an infant in a dark room, for there were no sights or sounds to steer me out."

"But," we persisted, "surely some one at Kose, Japanese or foreigner, must have heard if you had kept on calling."

"I thought so too, but no reply came to my shouts, and my voice is not a very powerful one: besides, each fresh time that I shouted and there was no answer, I grew more scared, and thought I should go mad. I looked at my watch, and only half an hour ago I was on the open path, quite at home, —now I was caught in a trap, cut off from help; for in which direction did it lie? and without any clue to guide my struggles. It was like being drowned, only not in nice clear water, but drowning choked by miles of hideous overlapping grass: it closed in tight behind me as I pushed my way, and there was no chance of an outlook with it up above my head. (By setting to work to tear up armfuls of the grass, and making a mound to stand upon, she might perhaps have gained a view and sighted some landmark that would set her a course; but the stems are so stiff and serrated that they easily make the hands bleed.) If I had been a foot taller I should have laughed and been out in a minute or two; but those few inches buried me alive."

She smiled and added, "You think I was very foolish to be done so quickly; but I had lost my presence of mind, it was so sudden and preposterous—just to pick a few flowers, and be snatched from my surroundings in that creepy way. I had never had such an experience in China, and Japan was a new

world to me: I lost my wits, and moved madly here and there as if I were a caged animal. But what would you have done?"

We thought that, if there was nothing to indicate where Kose lay, the best thing would have been simply to choose one line and plod straight on till she emerged from the jungle; for it would not extend more than two or three miles without a break.

And this, it appeared, was what she laid herself out to do, though with no such quick deliverance: after an hour or two of stifling labor, without food or drink, she probably began to circle round instead of making bee-line progress. She had but a murky memory left of that excruciating day; it was one great volume of scare with no relieving incident: perpetual untiring grass, and her perpetual toil inside it. . . . The hours passed by, and there she was still laboring like a squirrel in a cage; grass against civilization, and fool's-mate to the heir of all the ages. Her head was buzzing horribly, and her whole body was painfully tense from the everlasting pressure of wiry stems. . . . At last the sun was low in the sky, . . . and as it began to set—she quietly walked out on to open ground, and instantaneously fell down in a heap.

When she regained consciousness it was already dark, and stars kept watch over the wild uplands of Shinano. (She was 4000 or 5000 feet above the sea.) There were no trees around, only occasional patches of scrub, and the open area seemed to extend some miles: it was exceedingly still, and she could not hear any sounds of living things; worst of all, there was no long-imagined music of water,—for she was above the slopes. Considering that it was only the fourth day since she landed in Japan, she was certainly well inside: and now in this utter solitude, weak from want of food, those inde-

scribable faint tastes and odors in the air, which distinguish every land from others (we never notice them unless we are alone), streamed through and saturated her; she *felt* Japan, as if she had known the country ever since its cosmic birth. She grew light-headed, no longer scared or tense with feverish strain; and as she walked to and fro in the dark, the concrete facts of tiny Kose nestling in its trees, and Karuizawa with its cosmopolitan picnic far below, faded off into oblivion: texts from "the Bible"—records of old Asiatic experience—took their place, and she repeated them aloud again and again while she paced her lonely beat on Far Eastern hills. "A very present help in trouble"—she spoke it quite clearly, so that she might be sure some one had said it: well, she was certainly in trouble, and it was bound to come right. Was she not even now extricated from that sickening grass, breathing easily and unafraid? In dreamy content with the open breeze, she sat down on some peat, and sleep covered up her utter exhaustion.

She slept soundly, because the nightmare of the grass was left behind: had she not escaped from it before dark she must have gone out of her mind that night. The coming of the tranquil dawn awoke her, and she found she was dripping with dew, but this was welcome to her long-parched lips. Nerveless and aching though she was, she could not remain sitting in such a plight, so she rose and went forward with the gentle drop of the watershed. She was too empty and footsore (for she had started in thin shoes) to think out any programme: but presently she caught that sound which is never forgotten, the melody of a watercourse when one is past all effort. She stopped a full hour by the bubbling brook, till strength returned and gave her some mental grip of the situation. On every side of her for empty miles lay the up-

land undulations, beautiful in the morning sun, but to her an unbefriending blank. She would cling to this stream, follow it with a single eye, and before the day is done it will bring her surely to some human outpost. Could she walk so far? it was all downhill, beside a sparkling brook whose cadences will soothe her blistered brain. . . . So the whole day long she carried out this plan, picturing nothing but the human voices at the end. The sun blazed hotter and hotter as she toiled through weary hours by the splashing stream, ever dropping to lower levels: she had sunk out of sight of the far-spread, echoless moorland view that met her eyes at dawn, and the deepening valley wound interminably on in a narrower silence. She knew there would be no cows or sheep to make the shaggy slopes companionable; not once did she hear or see any sign of man or the works of man.¹ Even birds were few and far between, and when they flitted across her path it was with a noiseless beating of the wing, like decorous servants in a spacious house. (Footsteps in a Japanese house are nearly inaudible, dogs are rarely noisy, and the birds in like manner seem to live on tiptoe as they circle and dive through the brilliant air—stealing runs, as it were—in furtive flights.) Once she thought she really heard a laborer call; but she turned the next bend, and the voice flew away: it was only a peewit telephoning home.

As she grew weaker with each passing hour, the stream at her side grew stronger; its note had changed from the dancing treble of the heights to a weighty undertone, as it swept in deeper volume under overshadowing hills. It was less companionable now that it was more masterful; the journey beside it hourly became more pain-

ful, for the edge of the river was getting strewn with the *débris* of last June. Stumbling hard against one of these great stones that littered her path, she suddenly discovered that her shoes were altogether gone; some time ago they had deserted her,— and again the iron entered deep into her soul. Both feet were bruised and bleeding, swollen from *buyu* bites (a small sand-fly that leaves a poisonous wound), burning and aching, rigid if she stopped for rest; and yet there was no sign of the goal. . . . The yellowing light reminded her it was now two days since she tasted a grain of food; but what was that in front, on which its level rays struck full with such a callous glare? Before she could actually distinguish the details she stopped dead, as if stunned, for she discerned a culminating cruel blow: from the valley-slopes on her right—she had taken the right bank of the stream—there surged abruptly vertical out of the moorland grass a wall of naked rock, which thrust itself into the swirling flood a precipitous headland bar. The stream swung sharply round the polished base to the left,—but she was once more fool's-mated. One glance at that depth of rushing water, and she knew she was marooned for another night, the winding clue turned traitor, after she had followed its weary bends (and with what torture) all that silent summer day. Each minute the dear light lessened in this far-away hollow of the vast unwitting world; she looked for some way of escape by mounting up on the right and rounding the protuberance in its rear; but the slopes that darkened over her were a chaos of rough, steep, marshy ground, without a trace of human track to give her heart for the climb. If she could climb, it might be into that tall grass

¹ In Japan less than a fourth of the whole surface is cultivated; thus there are many wide areas of forbidding solitude. Sheep can-

not graze, because the serrated grass causes hemorrhage internally, and cattle for the same reason are mostly fed indoors.

again; but it was no use trying, the last of her feeble strength had gone with the light: it was better to sit down, and die quietly in the dark.

Texts forsook her too in this hour of need, or came only in fragments, useless as broken glasses when one wants to read. She must have crouched motionless, empty of thought or feeling, for an hour or two under that impassive crag, her wornout eyes gazing with a blind appeal at those faithful points of starlight steady behind the clouds that drifted down the sky: they held her like a mirage, for her brain had been full of the twinkling lights of the imagined hamlet she would come upon ere night. Then, like other mirages this one went; the sky turned thick as lead, and it began to rain. No English shower was this, but a deluge of a large and generous type, huge as the vast Pacific whence it hailed; all night the hissing flood rushed down as straight as shot, without a gust or intermittent lull, calmly unhasting as an Oriental when he settles to a patient piece of work. Behind her the cruel cliff ran rivulets, and the ground in front echoed with life as the surface seethed in a froth of shivered drops: the river might have been far away, so drowned was its voice in the roar of rain. She rose to make sure of its existence, and when she reached the inaudible current, a strange whim seized her suddenly. Taking off bodice and hat, she walked in up to her waist, standing in a pool outside the suck of the stream, and she turned her face right up to the hiss of the resounding gloom. . . . The incessant sting of the rainfall on her skin was saving her reason and life; by degrees she felt as unperturbed as she had been on that Kose path ages ago; the more the rain dashed down the calmer beat her pulse, her fevered fancies died away, and a whole text rose from the dark and stood before her plain (our cherished

"texts"—had they not all an Asiatic birth?): "There is no man that hath left home, or wife, or brothers and sisters, or parents, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this time, and in the time to come eternal life." Well, she did most of that some years ago, when she first went out to bury herself among the crowded yellow faces of a Chinese city deep inland. Then the more poignant saying came word for word distinct above the storm: "If any man come unto me, and hate not his own father and mother, and wife and children, brothers and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." To-night she was reft from all her friends as utterly as if she hated them; she was out of humanity's reach, as wholly as if in another world. That sphinx-like rock had cut off human help, and now she was indeed alone. . . . She stood quite still, keenly aware, responsive to the Real Presence; and soon she felt strangely at home. The earth must turn its back on our sun before the constant stars can be seen; and "man's extremity is God's opportunity."

She said she stood in the swelling river all that night, heeding the heavy unrelenting rain as little as gossamer, untroubled by thoughts of the morrow, unconscious of aches or bodily exhaustion. . . . She remembered it was pouring hard when dawn stole in; but the interminable clamor ceased soon afterwards, and a quiet world began to glisten out in luminous relief. Feeling as if that vigil of rain had severed her from her previous life and launched her on a new existence, she stepped from the bed of the stream, and unconcernedly took off her clothes—for they were drenched, though it made no impression on her. Without ulterior aim—most things were unimportant now—but moved by inherited instinct, she spread them on large flat stones to

dry; then relapsed into living over again those silent realities of the night. Hours passed, and she idly noticed that the garments were quite dry; the sun was very hot, and she quietly dressed again.

There stood that headland blocking the curve ahead; clearly the thing to do is to turn one's back on it, and walk in the opposite direction. She was no longer scared or torn by whirls of thought; her programme was laid down by logic, unswayed by emotion, and she breathed on a higher plane half insulated from the touch of common sensory things, because during the night a merciful cushion had been interposed; she walked the riverside unstirred within, as a missile cleaves the air. Scale that promontory? no, not with naked feet inflamed like these (the remains of the stockings had been discarded, and blood-poisoning had set in); it would be ridiculous to attempt it, with a body destitute of strength. Much wiser to go back with the stream, for that is a definite route, and, though uphill, it is a gradual ascent; in a crippled condition easy gradients are to be preferred. (No thought arose that it would be retracing the terrible toil of yesterday; simply there was the stream, and up its valley lay the obvious route.)

And thus she entered on the pitiless third day of her unnoticed drift—travel, indeed, in the true sense of the word. The valley had enchained her with its silence coming down; it was doubly silent going up, for now she was quite deaf. While straining through the midnight storm to absorb the voice from Heaven, she had lost the power of focussing nearer sounds on earth; and an observer, had there been any, of that desolate ascent, would have seen a solitary figure patiently working its way to higher ground; painfully crippled to the outer eye, yet ever moving forward with

a calm continuance that gave the impression of ease. Her eye never wandered from the narrowing stream, but its music was inaudible; she saw nothing in its sparkling course, not even when shadows of white cumulus cloud that drifted overhead shone mirrored a moment in some placid pool, like silky continents of fairy land, or a forest of tufted foliage-crease. At intervals throughout the long ascent she stooped to rinse her mouth, then on again as a matter of course; man does not live by bread alone—how much less women. Not hunger or thirst possessed her mind, but a single instinct ruled her steps, to attain the open levels of the watershed. Though the track was a *via crucis* to her wounded feet, she planted them firmly and walked erect, a serene automaton smiling at pain; she noticed the blood, the sinister discoloration of the joints,—that should not be; but her soul was outside such petty incidents, and she kept her way unruffled by the sight.

Panting and trembling in every limb, she found herself at last emerging in full view of the illimitable upland panorama. Down in the west a world of rugged outlines rose and fell in far-away peaks of velvet indigo edge, against a deepening glory of crimson sky. A few miles in front Asama blocked the air, and as the twilight tints died out its summit flickered with the glow of that reverberating furnace in its depths; while wreaths of tight-curved issuing smoke slowly unrolled and spread themselves lazily down the mountain flank, with a pungent waft of sulphur borne to the terrace where she stood. The evening and the morning were the third day: it was a marvellous expanse of silence that she saw; was any of it real? The sulphur smell recalled her to the earth, and the uplifted shape of the great volcano seemed to rouse some instinct of locality in her dried-up brain. She

did not reason that because the sun had set on her right therefore her homeward route lay more or less ahead. Asama led her unawares, Asama that dominates the Karuizawa sky, the first sight looked for in the morning air when the missionary steps outside his little house, and wonders what delightful walk will shape itself to-day. . . . She suddenly screamed aloud, again and again, with all her strength: not shrieks of fright, but of mere relief, an unconscious effort to tear herself from the nightmare that had suffocated her so long, from its conspiracy of silence and benumbing Arctic desolation. She never sat down at all that night, but strode painfully southwards through the scrub, hurling her cries incessantly as she went, a sheer animal protest against the outrageous situation in which she found herself. (She said that she screamed with reckless disregard—but so each one of us believes when he is making very mediocre groans at the waking climax of an ordinary domestic nightmare.)

But she pushed on, tense as steel; and while her shouts at regular intervals startled the midnight air, the tiny *buyu* never ceased to bite the swollen feet, and hour after hour on Asama's summit the red glow flickered like some laboring forge of a greater world. . . . As daylight opened up the branches of the trees she left off screaming; her throat was fearfully dry. She veered to and fro in search of a pool, but none was visible: this day was going to be the hottest of all—as she noted the depth of the shadows on her path, and the solid blue of the heaven above. The ground was getting strewn with clindery dust and gravel: there had once been a forest where she walked, but only charred stumps now remained to tell the tale of the big eruption 120 years ago, and the ravages were half concealed by a

dainty growth of greenest slender underwood.

Wondering to find she moved so frictionless through this, she discovered she was on a track,—a living human path at last. Great fires of feeling began to surge, for the first time she staggered in her walk; the path emerged from out the copse; coarse grass redeemed by splendid flowers—the vivid gentian blue, and sumptuous lilies white—came into the foreground on her left. In a flash the steel casing dropped from her heart and brain, and she quivered helplessly. That Japanese hut, a hundred yards ahead! It is the very cottage where she slept; can she possibly get there? Instantly she framed her shrivelled lips to pronounce the two words *midzukudasai* ("water, please,"—the only ones she knew), and repeating them with desperate tenacity—for she felt she would be speechless soon—she aimed herself wildly at the little shed, tottered with a stumbling knock against the door, stood, swaying, while the woman hurried out, spoke the two words into her soul, and fell in a heap across the threshold.

And is there care in Heaven?

a poet asked three hundred years ago;

There is: else much more wretched
were the care
Of men than beasts,

because man needs care more; the havoc is greater in his "care." There is also care in the remotest corners of this earth; as Mungo Park experienced when sick in the unknown Niger land, and as travellers find in every "savage" tribe to-day. We can leave her in that hut secure, for where on earth would she meet with more devoted care, combined with deft delight in tendering help, than when intrusted to a woman of Japan—passion and com-

petence of a unique blend. In Japan they do not spell "pity" with a capital P, nor do they find it necessary to maintain a Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which shall number its convictions of inhuman parents by thousands every year. Living remote from the long-illuminated West, and uninformed of the *Spectator*-ial discovery² that pity is a "Christian product," unknown before the birth of Christ, and unknown now in extra-Christian lands, they are free without impropriety to go on practising it daily in their unassuming way, in the common-sense manner of their race, not lavishing it with public blandishment on paltry cats or idle dogs, but reserving it *par excellence* "for all young children." This is a nation not much given to adoration of Ideas; they like the homely Fact far better. Kindness, they think, should begin with one's own kind; and certainly the Japanese children are a charming sight which seems to justify the untutored bias of their gentle mothers.

About 9 A.M. on the second day of The Test a string of pack-horses lurched clumsily down the Karuizawa street; at the "Manpei Hotel" a countryman slipped off, and bowing himself in—with apologetic hand in front held like a deferential wedge—between the white men smoking there, begged for a word with the Honorable Head. In low brief sentences repeated he explained that the foreign lady who arrived at his cottage the night before last had not been seen since the morning-meal of yesterday. She had not meant to stay away, because she took nothing with her, not even an umbrella for the sun. Had the Head any honorable news of the lady? or perhaps he was not alarmed, since he had such intimate acquaintance with manners and habits of foreign folk who travel?

² Published on the 21st of July, 1900.

But the Head was considerably perturbed by this message from the moorland wastes. The lady had been his guest, and it was he who had made the arrangements for her trip to Kose; and his Japanese blood, inheriting three centuries of the Tokugawa régime of responsibility, curdled at the thought that trouble had befallen her. He called his wife, who came out from the kitchen (how could so small a kitchen furnish such a varied meal?) with round arms bare, and to her he imparted the distressing news—in the unemotional tone of a *chef* discussing commissariat.

There was not much dawdling after that. Before the foreigners had finished their cigars the word had gone forth that every able-bodied villager could have a job and earn his 30 sen (7½d.) by joining the rescue-party to scour the heights all day. Seated on the rice-straw mats in the very heart of the arrangements, Master Goro promptly entered into the spirit of affairs, and climbing straightway on to the back of the head jinriki-man, announced his readiness to start at once. Taro, the eldest boy, skilled in the hardest Chinese ideographs, and quite at home with ordinary English talk, begged earnestly that he might have a day off too, "for," said he, "they cannot speak to her when they find her, but I can." His father bade him stay in the house. How could the foreigners' meals be properly served if he were not at his usual post to place their wine or beer beside their plate within a few seconds of the order given, and to keep his sharp head fixed with nimble eye on the whims of that peppery gentleman from Dokkani.

Thus at ten o'clock the village expedition sallied forth—a chorus of "*so desu? domo!*" (eh? dear, dear!) in its rear—equipped with food and a supply of lanterns in case of need, taking with them also visions of liberal *saké*

at the happy ending of their quest. They rounded the corner to the left, and Karuizawa resumed its sunny repose, except where some active men and maids defied the sun with lawn-tennis, while missionary boys and girls careered on bicycles.

Soon after dark the Head and some of his men returned, more serious than they went; the lady had vanished utterly, without a trace of her wanderings. Most of the searchers stayed in the neighborhood of Kose, sleeping by turns and scouting far and wide with shouts and many-colored lanterns held aloft on bamboo poles above the grass. Then the heavy rain came down and stopped proceedings for the night,—that night which she spent waist-deep in the stream beneath the cliff. With the early light of the third day a reinforcement of searchers arrived. The whole band was now scattered along every point of the compass, and the moors became eloquent with weirdest cries. The searchers themselves grew keener as the issue appeared more desperate; and the lady was not—as she thought—the only one who tramped and screamed all night in view of Asama's peak. But in such waste land a solitary figure is as hard to find—especially when deaf—as the needle in the hay; so, in spite of their fantastic shouts, she had slipped through their lines and reached the bourne alone. Indeed, long after she had been washed and tended by the happy woman in the hut, and by a Japanese doctor brought from Karuizawa, the straggling knots of rescuers were pushing farther and farther away from rejoicing Kose.

The lady's eyes opened about sunset, when she saw a white-faced woman sitting patiently by her side; she did not recognize that it was one of her fellow-workers, but simply asked for "tea." They gave her a cup of hot milk-and-water, which satisfied her so

that she speedily fell asleep again. Her feet had looked so horrible that her friends had several hours before wired to the big Scotsman in Tokyo begging that he would come the ninety miles at once. The message reached him as he returned for tea to his pretty house on the bank of the Sumida, after a long day's work through endless Tokyo streets, with thermometer at 95°; but though no light weight, he was ever the readiest of emergency men. He filled his bag, took another four miles of jinrikisha to Uyeno Station, and the midnight train turned him out in cool Karuizawa. Not much after dawn he was with the lady in the Kose hut.

She had recovered consciousness, and was not a bit dismayed by the doctor's serious view of the case. He said she must be moved at once, and, if possible, get down to Yokohama that very evening, where he would see her safe in hospital. So in a *kago*—a sort of hammock slung from a bamboo pole, the immemorial conveyance in Japan before the jinrikisha came in '72—carried by two of the search-party, she was smoothly borne to Karuizawa, placed in the noonday train, and at dinner-time was surrounded by white men's faces in the white man's hospital, looking out on the far-travelled ships in that deep blue bay. Next morning the medical staff urged amputation of both feet, in the hope of arresting fatal mischief. But she would not hear of it; she was inflexible, not from vanity, but because of the new-born atmosphere of assurance that seemed to buoy her since the night in the storm. Those feet, she said, had done so much for her in her hour of need; she could not now discard them, she would rather take her chance. With grave misgivings the doctors had to submit. But her confidence was justified, and in a fortnight she was strolling on the Bund, as unconcerned

as the youngest clerk from the H. and S. Bank.

This was the end of her tale. She had had to leave Japan just after her recovery, and had only now been able to pay her second visit. To-morrow she must walk up to Kose, and renew acquaintance with the landscape that had entered so into her life. She would like to see if she could find the exact spot where she was suddenly kidnapped: the very grass-stems, grating in the breeze, had an irresistible fascination.

Breakfasting early next morning,—porridge handed hot at 6 A. M.,—I strolled outside to reconnoitre where I was by daylight. The charm of Karuizawa lies in its open space of moor, its elbow-room so rare in a country where villages are mostly crowds, and also in its tonic air, limpid from its remoteness, its very touch conveying a sense of rest to the fagged arrivals from the teeming coast of the Pacific. Most of these consist of missionaries and their families, who converge every summer from hundreds of miles away to this high ground, "in order to seek that renewed vigor of body and soul without which our ministrations can have little success amid the daily obstacles that confront us in an alien land." They also enjoy up here the unaccustomed treat of continuous trifling intercourse with members of their own race: the village is such a tiny one that the native population is quite swamped by the vivacious whites; thus their stay at Karuizawa (lasting two or three months every year) brings them some of the cheery effect of "going Home." Every day there are picnic ascents on the hills, or wanderings down steep paths (*sed revocare gradum!*) in the depths of delicious woods; now and then comes a romantic expedition to climb Asama by night, peer into the swirling pit of flame, and try to keep

warm till the wonderful Dawn shall disclose the myriad peaks of Japan: tea, tennis tournaments, and religious services divide the remainder of their time, with an occasional graver conference, at which undaunted puzzled hearts bring forward better methods for "the evangelization of the unique and stubborn race among whom our lot is cast." In fact they have a thoroughly good time, right through the summer months; and who would grudge it them? unless perhaps the perspiring merchant down in his Treaty Port, who rarely gets more than a fortnight holiday,—besides being a mere unheroic sinner into the bargain. Walking through the unstirred pool of heat that fills the Tokyo streets in August, I have often missed familiar Protestant figures in the Christian quarters of the city; and their absence during the long *doyo* (dog-days) served only to accentuate the worn black garments of the Roman Catholic men and women who moved slowly to and fro at their endless work among the poor: high or low thermometer is all the same to them ("unmarried people need no change"), whose *liaison* with the comforts of this life is of the very least,—and holidays deferred.

But we have wandered from the village street at early morn. Karuizawa was formerly—up to that distant date, when primary education was established in England—a posting-station (fifty men and fifty horses kept) on the great Nakasendo, the road which runs inland from Tokyo to Kyoto, while the more frequented Tokaido links the two capitals by a route which hugs the Pacific coast. The inhabitants gained their living almost entirely from their services to noble travellers on the road: but when in 1868 a few young *Samurai* dissolved the feudal system, and so relieved the Daimios from the obligation of their periodical journeys to Yedo, and when a little later railways came,

with hours instead of days, Karuizawa people—like too many others in Japan just then—were altogether adrift, left to shift for themselves. Then some missionaries discovered that the site was exactly what they wanted as a summer resort, houses cheap to hire or build, service in plenty, and surroundings so primitive that they might live in a free-and-easy way, without the fear of invasion by fashionable tourists who would make things dear and strike a discordant note in the calm retreat.

Thus a phoenix village rose on the ruin of the irrevocable past: presently, as summer set in down below, butchers' meat and Western "groceries" came up, exhibited behind glass windows, to the amazement of the old inhabitants; then, as Western comforts grew more common, until actual cows were kept and *milked*, wives and children of business-men in the Ports were consigned to swell the missionary group; in '93 the Government built the many-tunnelled Abt-rail track, and Karuizawa became a station on a trunk-line connecting the two seas; when the "Manpei Hotel" was opened (with a signboard painted in foreign letters) and *table d'hôte* was naturalized, the coddled tourist thought that he must have "a look in" too, just to see if Asama really were as "active" as they said; while quite recently even Japanese gentlemen of high degree have begun to build houses and introduce their families. As in so many other cases, the world followed the lead of the missionaries. Foreigners are now the *raison d'être* of Karuizawa, and no echo of Feudalism haunts the hills; the former pomp of the Nakasendo—with its chronic injustice—is forgotten, and the black-eyed children of to-day barely look at the rack-rail engine being shunted on or off the crowded trains, as if it had been always so. Asama (eight miles distant from the station,

8000 feet above the sea) alone remains unaltered by the dramatic upheaval in the life of the nation spread below; it has not been stirred to mark the new era by any eruption, but contents itself with an occasional extra growl, and waft of fine dust down to the roses miles away on missionary lawns. In any other country than Japan it would be strange that an obscure benighted moorland hamlet should have been so quickly changed into a cosmopolitan centre, so up-to-date that the voice of the gramophone may be heard in its street, and spirited placards like the following appeal to the maternal foreign eye:—

Here highest quality Cow support alone, therefore much frequent Milk in prompt delivery at uttermost small price the every day.

(The middle-class Anglo-Saxon shouts for joy; but what would he not give to be able to express his meaning in Japanese half as well as these peasants do in English.)

About ten o'clock the lady was ready to start, and we made up an escort of five or six. An hour's ascending path brought us to Kose, a peaceful hamlet in a hollow of the hills, a cluster of small houses that cater for visitors who come to bathe, with a very limpid brook babbling music through the trees. As we arrived, an exciting incident occurred. An English lady on a handsome Australian mare was waiting to ride back to Karuizawa, when one of a string of pack-horses tethered near broke loose, and her steed began to career wildly. A Cambridge man who had come with us to botanize leapt forward like the handy man he was, and deftly drew her out of the danger which seemed imminent. Children of every age ran out to inspect the commotion, but speedily turned their attention on us instead: a boy of eighteen months made his mother

transfer him to my shoulders, where he reigned and approvingly pulled my hair, as though he had known me in some previous existence. When we see the extraordinary ease with which this race "make up to" foreigners, we are the more impressed by the ability of the Tokugawa rule, which for two and a half centuries found no difficulty in maintaining such an absolute seclusion. We sat down on the placid sward and ate our lunch, enhanced by Kirui beer just cooled in the rapid brook: the Lady had walked away, begging to be allowed to go alone to identify that crucial spot; so the Botanist laid out his specimens while he smoked a good cigar (choice Manila, price 1d.), and in the sleepy calm of that oasis of deep content we felt more like citizens of the world than superior natives of a peerless isle ten thousand miles away. The shadows had grown before she returned, tranquil as the woods around: she had not seen any sign of the starting-point she sought; the unkempt

coarse-grained grass that met her gaze stared dull indifference to the question in her eye. We told her this was as it should be; great works of Art admit of no *encore*.

We were preparing to go home, when some American ladies kindly asked us in to a cup of tea in a tiny house they occupied. Amongst them was a girl of fifteen, with frank wistful eyes and beautiful white throat, who waited on us casual strangers with a sweet intensity of care that appealed to us all. She was there to try what the baths could do; and now

in silence she reposes

where the white-crossed burial slope, which broods so still above busy Yokohama bay, has covered with its cosmopolitan turf that young transparent face. One was taken, the other was left; but I never saw either again. Yet "ships that pass in the night" in Japan are not forgotten, however brief the encounter.

Ernest Forcell.

Blackwood's Magazine.

ALFRED DE VIGNY.

I.

Alfred de Vigny, the author of *Cinq-Mars*, was not a Romantic. If Lamartine, the elder Dumas, Hugo, Musset and the rest of the group whose influence came from Châteaubriand and Madame de Staël may be classed together, then in externals Dumas and in essentials Musset were the true Romantics. To say this is not to lose sight of Hugo. It is to remember that his work was so largely an affair of literary impersonation and that his unequalled suppleness enabled him to express himself in any literary form.

Romanticism was for him the line of least resistance, the literary mode that excited most attention. He was a Romantic by deliberate choice, not by nature, and if in *Les Burgraves* French Romanticism reached its acme, that was because Hugo's visual imagination and mastery of language were exhibited in a theme particularly favorable to them. And *Les Burgraves* was not a success, and Hugo was not, in the theatre at all events, the dramatist of Romanticism. The actual and successful playwright of that school was Dumas.

Of Hugo and Dumas and Musset, we

in England have heard a great deal, of Vigny scarcely anything. Yet he had been nearly the foremost among the Romantics. That most exigent and qualified of tribunals—literary opinion in France—had acknowledged his real merit. Critics like Sainte-Beuve, M. Anatole France, M. Maurice Paléologue and M. Emile Faguet have agreed with the ladies of the Faubourg Saint-Germain—who are not critics—that Vigny was a man of genius. In justice to the critics it should be said that they condemn the work which aroused the enthusiasm of the ladies, and in justice to the noble dames and demoiselles who so greatly admired *Cinq-Mars*, we must remember that Romanticism was the only wear in 1826, and that it had a social and political value in addition to its literary qualities.

But the most important thing about Vigny and the reason for his position in French literature is that he possessed originality. He claims it, and the claim is not contested. Romanticism in England and France was a consciously derivative movement. Avowedly it aimed at reviving not one period merely but the whole of the Middle Ages and the Oriental civilizations into the bargain. Here there can be no room for originality. Quarrels about priority there may be, and have been, but about no one except Vigny can the question of originality be even raised.

To understand his originality we have to rid ourselves of a great part of the imaginative stuff of our minds and put ourselves in the mental state of eighty years ago. Many things in Vigny's poetry are commonplaces to us, but they were not commonplaces in 1822. To see how he came to feel and think and write as he did we must know something of himself, of his family, of his *milieu*, and of his period.

Alfred Victor de Vigny was born on March 27, 1797, at Loches, in the Tour-

aine, where his mother and her parents had been imprisoned by the revolutionary Government. His father, M. Léon de Vigny, was a veteran of the Seven Years' War, and like all the Vignys he held that arms were the only profession for a gentleman. The family was an old one, but had not been for many generations distinguished in any way. In his young and romantic days Alfred Victor set great store on the antiquity of his family. But he sloughed his Romantic garment in good time. This faculty of sloughing the sentimentalities of his day is characteristic of Vigny. He had a piercing eye for pretentiousness and, up to a point, a power of reflection which enabled him to see things as they are. But it was only up to a point. It did not bring him to the realism then nascent in Stendhal and Balzac, his *faculté maîtresse* barred his progress along that path. In spite of his audacity, of his complete detachment, he is in the last resort an intransigent idealist. The idealist *quand même* rejected the theatrical wardrobe of current Romanticism. It seemed to him vulgar and absurd and he resented the association of Idealism and Romanticism as a creole of Louisiana resents being confused with a quadron of the West Indies. So he flaunted a Romantic sentiment when he wrote—

J'ai mis sur le cimier doré du gentil-
homme
Une plume de fer qui n'est past sans
beauté,
J'ai fait illustre un nom qu'on m'a
transmis sans gloire.

The egotistic note is in the tradition of chivalry, and the idea of ennobling one's ancestors is extremely sensible. It has none of the drawbacks of the present system and it has the sanction of usage in that ancient and conservative polity, the Empire of China.

M. de Vigny had married the daugh-

ter of the Marquis de Baraudin, an admiral of the French navy. The poet was their fourth child and the only one that lived beyond infancy. A lady of beauty and a woman of *caractère*, Madame de Vigny was an aristocrat of the temper that had so much to do with bringing about the Revolution. Her intelligence should have placed her above the prejudices of her class, but the emotions are older than the intellect, and the sentiment of class superiority is almost irresistibly attractive to feminine temperaments. Moreover, Madame de Vigny was of the generation that paid. Her brother was shot at Quiberon, her father died in prison, and she and her husband lost a great part of their property. People who suffer in this way are not comforted by the thought that they are paying for the follies of their ancestors.

Madame de Vigny is said to have been strict with her son, but she gained his love, and throughout her life he was devoted to her in the way that seems natural to Frenchmen and comic to Englishmen. A woman who told her child that he had three brothers in heaven—Léon, Adolphe, and Emmanuel and taught him to pray for them, may not have been sentimental, and she was certainly not without natural feeling. There may have been another reason for strictness; perhaps she thought that the soldier-father was spoiling the boy. M. Léon de Vigny was seventy, in weak health, and he had an only son. Most likely he did spoil Alfred, and the mother's strictness redressed the balance. But the picture of the old soldier telling his son stories of the long war, of marches and campaigns, of bivouacs and cantonments, of battles and great commanders, is a natural and touching one. If such stories are told in a Beauceron manor-house, where the legends are fading from the tapestries, and the knightly ancestors

are dim in the old frames, then they sink into the imagination of ardent and dreamy natures and mould their lives. M. Léon de Vigny gave Alfred his first enthusiasm, the love of arms. There is a touch of Sterne's soldiers—it was their period—about M. Léon. His last words are something in Captain Shandy's spirit:—

"Mon enfant, je ne veux pas faire des phrases, mais je sens que je vais mourir; c'est une vieille machine qui se détraque, rends ta mère heureuse et garde toujours cecl."

Ceci was a portrait of his wife. The story would fit one of Sterne's soldiers, who were brave, and gentle too.

After the Terror, M. de Vigny brought his wife and son to Paris, and in time Alfred was sent to a school where the victories of Napoleon were more important than the code of the Lycée Bonaparte. His parents, fearing that his admiration of the national hero would corrupt his royalist principles, took him away from school, and though he was a mere boy, he was introduced into the aristocratic salons where Napoleon was not a hero. His principles were not preserved, but through this early introduction into society he acquired the urbanity, courtesy, and self-possession which, at that time, were associated with aristocratic manners.

His father, his school-fellows and Napoleon determined Vigny's choice of a profession. In 1814 he became a lieutenant in the gendarmerie de la Maison rouge royal. It was officered by aristocratic dandies, whose swagger so much offended the veterans of Napoleon, that the corps had to be suppressed at the Second Restoration. Vigny entered the royal footguards, exchanged into the 53rd, became captain by seniority, and retired in 1827, without having been in action.

His military career was a long disillusionment. Only once—during the

Spanish war of 1823—had he the prospect of active service, and then his regiment was kept among the reserves. For the rest his life was a dreary alternation of drill and route marching, of tedium and red-tape. Vigny, who spat blood on the long marches, who took a Bible wherever he went, who dreamed of nymphs and prophets and angels, did not get on with the officers of his own age. He sought the society of the older and serious men, and, idealizing after his invariable fashion, he tells their stories in *Grandeurs et Servitudes Militaires*.

He made slow progress, for in France at that time promotion came not from the north or the south, but from the Court. He gives the reason in his simple, haughty way: "Il est vrai que," he writes, "dès qu'un homme de ma connaissance arrive au pouvoir, j'attends qu'il me cherche and je ne le cherche plus."

There is Alfred de Vigny with his literal belief in moral abstractions and his absurd sense of personal honor and dignity. It is all very well to say "l'honneur est le poème du devoir," but the prose of the business is that after thirteen years' service he retired with the rank of captain, gained by seniority, or by merit, if that is the wiser way of putting it.

In 1828 he married Lydia Bunbury, the daughter of a wealthy Anglo-Indian. This gentleman seems to have had the qualities of the nabobs of the old novels, as well as those of the Englishman of the vaudeville. It was quite in character that he should despise foreigners and poets. Fate, which sometimes is humorous, led his daughter to marry a French poet. Mr. Bunbury sought consolation in travel. Dining with Lamartine, who was acting French Ambassador at Florence, Mr. Bunbury referred to his misfortune:—

"Monsieur," he said, "you are a poet,

you ought to know the poets of your country." Lamartine said that he knew a good many of them.

"My daughter married one of them," continued Mr. Bunbury, but which of the French poets was his son-in-law he could not remember.

Lamartine mentioned several names, and at each name Mr. Bunbury replied, "No, that's not it." At last Lamartine hit upon the right one, "Vigny! Alfred de Vigny! That's the very one who married my daughter!" he exclaimed. Afterwards he forgot the name entirely, and left it out of his will.

Considering that Vigny was a poet who had married a foreigner, his marriage succeeded fairly well. He and Mme. de Vigny lived together for the rest of their lives. He was always a courteous and affectionate husband, and when Mme. de Vigny became an invalid, he nursed her with the kindest devotion; but he was not invariably faithful and he had never been in love with her. Years before he had been in love with the beautiful Delphine Gay. Lamartine describes him as being remarkably attractive at that time, with dreamy sea-blue eyes, a complexion of virginal purity, lips *d'un dessin exquis* and fine light hair, with a natural "wave," to use the technical word. Put this figure into the uniform of the royal footguards, add a title and the reputation of a poet, and it is not wonderful that Mlle. Delphine was attracted, and that her mother approved. Alas! they had counted without Mme. de Vigny and her aristocratic sensibility. She opposed the project. Delphine Gay became Mme. Emile de Girardin, and in the fulness of time Alfred de Vigny wrote a sonnet to her. An idyll had been sketched, almost begun. Delphine Gay and Alfred de Vigny! It belongs to the golden age! But idylls were out of place in Charles X.'s time, and the reign of the *louis d'or* had come.

With one exception, which cannot be

separated from his literary work, these are the chief events of Vigny's life. For ten years he was among the best-known men of letters in France. He wrote drama, poetry and historical romance, and succeeded in each form, at all events with his own generation. Then came a silence of twenty-eight years, unbroken except for rare contributions to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; *les Poèmes Philosophiques*, which gave him a permanent place in literature, were published after his death in 1863.

II.

Alfred de Vigny's first volume, the *Poèmes*, appeared in 1822 and produced a charge of plagiarism. He was said to have imitated André Chénier, and to have antedated his own work to conceal his indebtedness. Of the second charge it is enough to say that it contradicts all we know of Vigny's character and conduct. The other falls in essentials. Plagiarism in the serious sense is not a matter of subject and expression. To use the machinery of sylphs and deities or the incidents of the Arthurian legends is not to plagiarize Pope or Tennyson. The unpardonable plagiarist is the man who deliberately tries to think and feel in the manner distinctive of some original writer. If *La Dryade* and *Symétha* are compared on this principle with the poems of Chénier it is obvious that there was no plagiarism. It is not the less obvious because Sainte-Beuve believed in the charge. For that great critic's impartiality was apt to become intermittent when he wrote of contemporaries who had been his friends and remained poets.

Of course Vigny, like all poets, had his masters, and shows their influence. Some of his early poems have traces of the eighteenth-century spirit, others show that he had read Châteaubriand and Homer and the Bible. But he pre-

serves his independence and looks at man and the world in his own way. He has the individual touch, the new vision, and a distinctive note of imagination which constitutes originality. French critics admit his claim to be a precursor and to have done what had not been done before in French literature.

Eloa and *Moïse* first gave him this reputation. There are few more poetic figures than Vigny's *Eloa*, the angel sprung from a tear of Jesus that fell on the tomb of Lazarus. Few stories are more touching than that of the spirit of compassion who shared the misery of the fallen angel because he was unhappy. Alfred de Vigny's men and women want solidity, but his angels are essential; grave, retired and perfected spirits, they wonder at *Eloa*'s warmth and at her sacrifice. She seems a stranger among them and has a human pathos and sweetness, for she has not long left the earth. Vigny tells the story of her fall with so much sympathy and conviction that we feel its necessity. The *Eloa* we love must fall or she is not *Eloa*. She expresses in its highest form the sympathy and the compassion which were at the root of Vigny's best work.

Moïse renders his sympathy with greatness and his perception of its penalties, isolation and sadness. "Greatness," Vigny says, "is against nature, and separates the great man from his kind." This is the complaint of the law-giver:

Sitôt que votre souffle a rempli le berger
Les hommes se sont dit, "Il nous est étranger,"
Et leurs yeux se baissaient devant mes yeux de flamme,
Car ils venaient, hélas, d'y voir plus que mon âme.
J'ai vu l'amour s'éteindre et l'amitié tarir,
Les vierges se volaient et craignaient de mourir.

Weary of his task he prays for release:

O Seigneur, j'ai vécu puissant et solitaire,
Laissez-moi endormir du sommeil de la terre.

Moïse has the sombre beauty and profound sadness of the greatest poetry. The *Élévation sur Paris* and the *Poèmes Philosophiques* have those qualities and attain a greater majesty and an unquestionable sublimity, with a breadth of conception and a truth of insight which justify their title. There are only eleven and it is hard to determine their rank, and it is not necessary. *Les Destinées*, *La Maison du Berger*, *La Mort du Loup* and *Le Mont des Oliviers* are of the same rank, the first. I am following a mere preference in quoting these verses from *Les Destinées*.

Tristes divinités du monde oriental,
Femmes au voile blanc, immuable statues,
Elles nous écrasalent de leur poids colossal.

Comme un vol de vautour sur le sol abattues
Dans un ordre éternel, toujours en nombre égal,
Aux têtes des mortels, sur la terre épanduës,

Elles avaient posé leur ongle sans pitié
Sur les cheveux dressés des races éperduës,
Traînent la femme en pleurs et l'homme humilié.

Sous leur robe aux longs plis voilant leurs pieds d'alraïn
Leur main inexorable et leur face inflexible
Montant avec lenteur en innombrable essaim.

D'un vol inaperçu, sans ailes, insensible,
Comme apparaît au soir, vers l'horizon lointain,
D'un nuage orageuse, l'ascension paisible.

To give some indication of Alfred de Vigny's variety I should like to quote *La Frégate la Sérieuse*, one of the finest descriptions of a fight at sea in any literature and a great poem as well.

Vigny's prose works cannot be classed with his poetry. The *Grandeurs et Servitudes Militaires* is the most likely to survive, *Stello* has no central interest and its best parts were used in other forms. *Cinq-Mars*, which Vigny wrote to make people read his poetry, is, as M. Anatole France says, his only mediocre work and was greatly appreciated by the public which has not yet read his poetry. It is not likely that they ever will nor is it desirable. No one was further from being a popular poet than Alfred de Vigny, but he is always sure of his own public, the only one for which he wrote.

III.

In Vigny there is no separation between the poet and the man as there is, to take a notable instance, between Scott and his poetry. In the *Journal* Scott, speaking of some matter of business, lightly admits that he wrote his metrical stories to amuse himself and his readers and that he would not think of taking poetry seriously. This avowal would have disgusted Vigny, and had he known that Scott looked at poetry in this spirit he would probably not have troubled Colonel Bunbury to present him to the most popular of the Romanticists. At that time people believed that the author of *Cinq-Mars* was the successor of Scott. Every generation makes similar mistakes, and it was too early then to know that in the great Dumas France had the prince of romancers. To get the full contradictory of Vigny we must add the romantic sentimentalist Byron to the bourgeois romanticist Scott. Vigny's *Journal d'un Poète* is the complement and confirmation of all his other work. All

that is implicit in the poetry is revealed in the *Journal*, which in some respects recalls the *Oberman* of S  nancour. But the likeness is so general that though the *Oberman* was published in 1804, it seems unlikely that Vigny was at all influenced by it. His best and distinctive work was self-inspired, and, except at the beginning, he did not re-act to external stimuli. He was one of the most self-centred of poets, unimpressionable, unreceptive, and irresponsible to the sensuous suggestions which so much affected the poetry of the Romantics. The resemblance to S  nancour may be dismissed. A closer and more remarkable resemblance is that between Vigny's *Journal d'un Po  te* and the *Journal Intime* of Amiel, and in this case there can be no question of influence on one side or the other. In both there is a startling frankness, a thorough sincerity and a subtle faculty of self-analysis.

In Vigny's *Journal* the unity of his character and temperament comes out with convincing clearness. We see that he transcribed himself faithfully in the poems. There is no trace of pose or impersonation. Never was there a temperament more of a piece. He was one thing entirely and barely anything else. His apparent range is small and the actual range is smaller. He pays for this limitation, but he gains the strength of concentration. He cannot give us human beings, but he is at home with abstractions and he can vitalize with essential truth such ideal figures as his *Eloa*. He is an idealist of the idealists, a literal absolutist who demands the kingdom of heaven upon earth. It is no use to tell him that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Phrases of that kind do not deceive him. He has a vision of an ideal world where truth and justice and other abstractions prevail. With absolutest logic he requires that they shall prevail here and now. The

religion founded on the Bible he knew so well declared that this world is the work of an all-wise and all-just God. Gravely, not irreverently, but with courage Vigny presents the picture of the world of men, "Condamn  s    la vie, condamn  s    la mort, voil   deux certitudes; condamn  s    perdre ceux qui nous aiment et    les voir devenir cadavres, condamn  s    ignorer le pass   et l'avenir de l'humanit   et y penser toujours," and asks the Creator to justify himself before the conscience of mankind.

Muet, aveugle et sourd au cri des cr  atures,
Si le Ciel nous laissa comme au monde avort  
Le juste opposera le d  dain    l'absence,
Et ne r  pondra plus que par un froid silence
Au silence   ternel de la Divinit  ,

he writes in *Le Mont des Oliviers*. There is no answer. Vigny accepts the silence. He does not accept the sentimental platitudes about the mysterious designs of a power that gives its creatures the faculty of criticism and forbids it to be exercised on the subject that most concerns them. It is not the complaint of an unbeliever, it is the exceeding bitter cry of the man who longs to believe and cannot believe in face of the injustice that is the worst of blasphemies. He might have found peace if he had possessed the heart of a little child, but he had the intelligence of a man of genius.

Vigny had lost the illusions of glory, of caste and of love. Finally he lost the illusion of the divine ordinance of the world, which, to the idealist, is the irreparable disillusionment. He saw things as they are and he did not deny them because they were not as he wished them to be. His later poems show that he faced a world inevitably materialistic. Perhaps they show, too, that this acceptance was unwilling,

that it represented the victory of a proud intellectual honesty over the predispositions of his imagination and emotions. If there can be a pessimistic idealist Alfred de Vigny surely was one. But the disillusioned idealist bore himself with a stoical dignity impossible to the sentimentalist of romance. He made no pageant of his bleeding heart in Europe or in Asia. He did not rail at unresponsive nature and publish his railings irregularly or in posthumous memoirs. Least of all did he scorn his race. He recognized the serene indifference of nature and kept his sympathy with man. "J'aime la majesté des souffrances humaines," he wrote, and in the common misery of men found their strongest bond. And he was always helpful particularly to literary people, as, to mention one case, in his exertions on behalf of Made-moiselle Sedaine, a descendant of the dramatist. He showed grace and good feeling when he met Népomucène Lemer-cier, a man of high character and solid literary ability. It was in 1830, during the troubles caused by the abdication of Charles X., Vigny, who was a colonel in the National Guard, recognized Lemer-cier at one of the posts and greeted him as the author of *Pinto*, the least unsuccessful of Lemer-cier's plays.

"Je ne suis donc pas tout à fait oublié," exclaimed the old dramatist.

Vigny assured him that all true and competent lovers of the drama honored his name, and left the honest gentleman much gratified.

When Vigny commenced poet he belonged to the circle that met first at Nodier's private rooms, and afterwards in his official quarters at the Arsenal library. The coterie enlarged, and in time included Dumas, Hugo, Musset, Sainte-Beuve, Emile Deschamps, Balzac, and other less-known writers. Sainte-Beuve, the amateur of the human soul, hit off Vigny's air of haughty

abstraction when he spoke of the poet coming from his "ivory tower." The phrase was prophetic. After 1835, and to a greater degree after the final rupture with Madame Dorval, Vigny shut himself up in his ivory tower. It is not possible to determine how far his resolve to isolate himself was due to breaking off a connection that had existed for so long. Vigny's extreme sensitiveness would in any case have made the separation painful, but it was made more painful by the circumstances that led to it. Vigny made discoveries—as they were for him—of facts that wounded his dignity. He was excessively susceptible on this point, more as it affected himself, Alfred de Vigny, than from any pride of aristocratic birth. *La Colère de Samson*, with the famous "La femme, enfant malade et douze fois impur," has a relentless indignation which shows that he felt the humiliation more bitterly than the separation. But Marie Dorval was only the immediate cause of Vigny's isolation. His sincerity and intelligence must, sooner or later, have come into conflict with his ultra-idealism. There are signs of this in *Stello*, and proofs of it in the *Journal*. Like other idealists, Vigny withdrew from the world when he saw that it was not and never could be the world as he wanted it to be. There is such a thing as pitching the note too high. Idealist *quand même*, Vigny withdrew to create his own world in a solitude of his own choosing. In retirement his fondness for introspective analysis grew upon him. He surrendered to the most fascinating of joys. He lived on himself, on his imagination, intellect, and temperament. "Jouer des idées" became his object in life. If he did not entirely cease to produce, he produced with increasing rarity and with greater difficulty. The *Journal* is full of notes and ideas for poems and stories, just the kind of record which a man makes

who does not want to lose his thoughts, and yet does not care enough for them to work them up into a definite form. To the materialist poetic production is foolishness, to the idealist a stumbling-block. The state he aimed at is, to use his own words, "un désespoir paisible, sans convulsion de colère et sans reproche au ciel." An observer describes him as living in a perpetual seraphic hallucination. A critic calls him "an idealist without belief, a thinker without faith in the usefulness and dignity of thought, a despiser of action, indifferent on system and bitter by disposition, a man who has been and is for ever disenchanted." This is to exaggerate and to forget. The judgment can be supported from Vigny himself, if we are careful to take only one sort of his franknesses. But if we take them all, it seems partial and misleading. Vigny will never be understood if we forget that his idealism was largely

modified by a keen intelligence and much common sense. No doubt he became more solitary and more analytic as time went on, but he had not cut himself entirely off from human intercourse. Besides Madame de Vigny *mère* and Madame Alfred de Vigny, there was a small *entourage* of old friends with whom Vigny spent his evenings, very likely in denouncing the Second Empire and deploring the progress of machinery. The unpoetical Vigny was a clear-headed and far-sighted observer. He foresaw the social and political troubles of the new *régime*, and he even anticipated Ruskin in his denunciations of the anti-æsthetic steam-engine. Certainly the real and essential Vigny is the lofty and stoical poet, but in the other Vigny, the man of the world, the man of common sense and sound judgment, there was more ability than goes to the making of most reputations.

The Fortnightly Review.

C. G. Compton.

PRINCE ADRIAN OF ZELL.

CHAPTER IV.—A BRIEF PAUSE.

Mr. Barrows had been placed in a difficult position. Curiosity, and some better emotion, had urged him forward, despite the fact that he had long ago cut himself off from all connection with Styria and the Styrians, and had even ceased to feel any particular interest in their affairs. He now felt vaguely that he had entered upon a course of which he could not see the end. Had he been able to see the end that first step would never have been taken.

The Countess Hamar had received his suggestion as a gift of Providence. The events of recent months had broken down both her health and her spirit,

for despair had been added to grief, and grief piled upon despair. Never a woman of strong mind, her fortitude and even her natural pride had given way at the realization that she was left with her daughter without resources and without friends in an alien land; and as a natural consequence, her thoughts had even begun to turn to their persistent enemy as an only hope. But then, at the last, came a man who had seen her husband's name upon a cross and had recognized it. He had sought them out, had spoken as a friend, and had even shown an acquaintance with their native tongue. Further, with a quiet tact that was in itself reassuring, he had placed aside all barriers and had learned all that

there was to know of their story. Then he had made a suggestion which seemed to offer a temporary salvation, and hope had returned. Sympathy, knowledge, suggestion—all were forthcoming, all that they needed most. They had come to Welding.

It was dusk when they reached the town, and Mr. Barrows led them direct through the quiet streets to the welcome which awaited them. As soon as the door of Hadfield's house had closed they found themselves secure in the atmosphere of a home.

The way had been well prepared, and everything went smoothly. The "little woman," as Barrows was accustomed to call Mrs. Hadfield, knew all the arts of homeliness, and was possessed of no small share of tact. Nor was there any awkwardness of greeting, for even that had been smoothed away beforehand; "Mrs. Mathias" and her daughter took their places in the little household as guests who had been looked for.

To the Countess the change of atmosphere and the relief brought a sudden breakdown after the strain of the past days and the burden of anxiety. On the morning after their arrival she was prostrate, and medical advice had to be called in. For a week the utmost care was necessary, and even after the first danger had passed there was still need for watchful attendance and sympathy.

In about a fortnight, however, the Countess was able to come downstairs. That was on a brilliant afternoon in May. Mr. Barrows, who had been most helpful throughout, presently came over from his own garden to join the little group that sat at the door of Hadfield's dining-room, in the sunshine.

He received a grateful welcome, and opened a conversation in that quiet, sympathetic manner which he had used on the occasion of their first meet-

ing. The range of talk, however, was limited, for the past was too painful to be discussed, while by tacit agreement the questions of the future were left until the health of the Countess should be in a better condition. He spoke of his little garden, to which he had been giving his attention during the intervening days in an unusually restless and intermittent fashion; and he listened, with much apparent interest, to a description of their gardens at Cronia. As he listened he watched the face of the younger woman, who was sitting before him; and he became so absorbed in this that he ceased to make any remark, so that presently a silence fell. He was thinking, indeed, of this girl's pursuer, the man whose face betrayed so much of the brute; and as he compared them an angry indignation stirred his heart, and was reflected in his face. The Countess looked at him, and saw it.

"What is it, my friend?" she asked gently. "Of what are you thinking?"

"I was thinking of Count Philip," said Mr. Barrows hastily. He spoke without thought, and regretted it immediately. A flush stole over the girl's cheeks and brows; but in a moment she looked up and met his glance. There was confusion in her eyes, but there was no reproach.

"Ah!" said the Countess, "here, for a while, we do not need to think of him. Let us not do so until we must."

"Certainly," agreed Barrows. "I was very foolish."

He blamed himself secretly with much more vigor, and felt that it was time for him to go. At that moment Mrs. Hadfield came in with some dainty preparation for the invalid, and he took the opportunity to rise. He walked down towards the garden door, but he did not go alone. The girl rose to go down with him. He fancied that she had guessed his self-reproach. Nor was he mistaken. Edna—for that was

her name—said little as they trod the length of Hadfield's garden, and he said less; but when they reached the door she held out her hand with a smile.

"You must not think that we fear any one here," she said. "In this home, to which you have brought us, we feel secure."

"And you are secure?" was the answer that came readily to the man's lips, a reassuring, convenient, and every way suitable answer, but not a true one. Because it would not have been true he did not utter it. He was quite an ordinary man, a man of expediency and not over-particular; but as he looked into her face he felt that he could not do with her what was only expedient and convenient. So he did not answer at all.

"I must tell you what my mother will tell you when she is stronger," the girl went on quickly—"how grateful we are for what you have done. Some day, when we go back, we shall be able to repay you."

Here, too, Mr. Barrows found himself at a loss. "When we go back" was the expression she had used, full of the hope of young days, and of the confidence which had not yet fully realized their calamity. He failed to find words, and she took sudden alarm at his silence.

"You do not say!" she cried. "Don't you think that we shall go back? It is not that?"

There was no answer; but evasion was now absolutely necessary. The fear which he saw come into her eyes spurred Mr. Barrows to an effort.

"Go back?" he said, smiling. "Are you, then, so eager to leave our England?"

The device was successful. "I did not mean that," she explained. "You must not think it. I shall always think of England as this place, and shall always like Englishmen."

Mr. Barrows bowed and smiled playfully. Fearing a return to the other topic, he seized the opportunity to go, and raised the latch of the door. After a few further words she returned to her mother, and he entered his own garden.

"When we go back." He shook his head as he thought of that remark, for he knew that unless a miracle took place there could be no going back. After a public denunciation and a public flight, the Styrian Government could show no weakness, and could not be expected to show any, further than in the promise which had been given to the Brodes. That was the only way of going back, and even the matter-of-fact and easy-going Mr. Barrows felt his cheek burn at the thought of it.

The next hour was a troubled one for him. He sat at his window with a cigar, and now and again a word or a sentence reached him in the clear voice which he was already beginning to know so well. There was no laughter, for sorrow was too near; but the tones had life and hope and affection in them, and they jarred upon the spirit of the man who knew what clouds overhung. As he listened his mood grew darker; and it was bitter enough when Hadfield came over in the evening.

Since the arrival of the strangers, that young man had lived in a state of half-subdued excitement. It seemed to him that his plain and straightforward existence had been transformed, or that he had stepped over its borders into a realm of stir and romance, peopled with the mighty. He had a great respect for the mighty, and it was no small thing to find that his nextdoor neighbor was the one-time secretary to a prince and a partner in revolutions; it was naturally a still greater thing that he should be sheltering under his own roof a countess and the daughter

of a countess. It was as much as he could do to keep the secret, and a hundred times a day he feasted his imagination upon the scene which would follow if he should drop it into the serene atmosphere of his office.

"I say," he remarked now, as he took a seat at his neighbor's side, "I can't help being glad that you brought them to us. They're awfully nice people."

"Really?" said Mr. Barrows absently.

"Yes. There's no nonsense about them, you know, and no pride. No one would think they were of the nobility."

Mr. Barrows smiled, perhaps at Hadfield's simple conception of the manner in which the pride of race and place might have displayed itself.

Hadfield went on: "The only thing is that they're so sad. The Countess especially seems very much depressed. I wish we could cheer them up."

"Ah!" said Mr. Barrows, his smile vanishing, "you must remember what trouble they have had, and wait a little."

Hadfield was struck by his sudden change of tone. Mr. Barrows, however, went on, glad perhaps to have an opportunity of expressing some of the bitterness of his mood.

"You asked me," he said, "why I was so hard on Prince Adrian in that book. Perhaps you understand it better now, when you have some of his victims in your own house."

"Why, of course," said Hadfield. "This comes about through him."

"Quite through him. The man who never did any good with his life has been able to do incalculable mischief, even after his death. I could wish him nothing worse than that he should see what he has done."

"Oh, well," said Hadfield awkwardly, "it can't be helped now, you know,

and I suppose it will all come right if we only wait a little."

After he had gone Mr. Barrows continued to turn that remark over in his mind. It was as hopeful as Edna's, and showed just as much knowledge of the truth. Then he tried to consider the question, "What next?" It had haunted him from the first. He knew the character of the Countess's enemies, and felt that they would not lightly give up their purpose. Here was a prize both for the father's greed and the son's passion, and they would do anything to win it. Anything, with them, would mean a great deal. He foresaw a struggle, and a struggle in which all the power was on the other side. Nor was the prospect brighter when he looked at the alternative. Suppose they gave up the chase, or suppose the pursuer failed to find a clue. What was then in store for those two helpless women, strangers in a strange land? Their resources would be exhausted, and that very soon; and there was no hope from their own country. They would suffer poverty, with all its accompaniments. He knew, or at least he could guess, what poverty would mean for this broken woman and this lovely girl. After what had so lately been theirs, they would have to seek some kind of work in order to live. He could do little for them, even if his little would have been accepted, for his income would afford no more than the very modest comforts he now enjoyed. It seemed to him that the situation was a singularly hopeless one.

A few days passed quietly, but there was no lifting of the cloud; and after those few days he was obliged to face a danger which he had failed to count with, and one that became pressing.

It was connected with the health of the Countess. To a certain point she recovered her strength; but there the progress was stayed. As her mind became clearer, the first relief afforded

by the new situation passed away, and she began to remember the power of her enemies. Her despondency made her morbid, and she followed her daughter's movements with a despairing look which spoke clearly of fear and terror. This reaction was disastrous in its effects, for it was accompanied by a nervous condition which caused her to start at the sound of the doorbell, and to tremble at the approach of footsteps. This last phase greatly troubled the physician, who decided to consult Mr. Barrows.

One morning, therefore, after leaving his patient, he called next door, and found Mr. Barrows at his writing-table. He gave a brief outline of the symptoms which troubled him in the Countess.

"This is something I cannot reach," he said, "and it is, therefore, all the more serious. She is laboring under some uneasiness which must be dissipated. Have you not observed it?"

Mr. Barrows was obliged to admit that he had. After a pause Dr. Henslow decided that he must speak more clearly.

"It is having a very grave effect," he declared. "In fact, I must tell you that unless some change takes place in this respect I cannot answer for the consequences. She is thoroughly worn down in health, and the strain is too much."

Dr. Henslow's patients were accustomed to say that he was too reserved, and that he did not treat their complaints with sufficient seriousness. Mr. Barrows remembered this when he had gone, and saw its significance. He also saw the cause of the evil.

"It is that fellow, of course," he said to himself. "After what he has done she has a morbid fear of him, and feels, rather than knows, that he will hunt them down. If he comes, the shock will probably kill her; and if he does not come, the strain will have the

same effect. That would be another death to Prince Adrian's account."

He clenched his hands at the thought. Yet what was to be done? He pondered this new question deeply, and at last arrived at what seemed to be the only possible solution, though even here the hope was very slender. It occurred to him that the pursuer might be met and faced, and even forced to abandon his purpose. Or, if he had already gone, the fact might be ascertained and the Countess's mind relieved by the news.

The latter chance was a very feeble one, and the first meant an ordeal from which he shrank. He already detested and feared Count Phillip, knowing fairly well the mingled strength and brutality of his character. This was a task for a strong man, and he was not strong; his, indeed, was a most dangerous weakness—the weakness of one who distrusts himself. He knew that he was not by any means a man of action; yet this course offered just that chance which he felt forced to take.

Naturally his mind dwelt on the alternative—the hope that Count Phillip had already given up the pursuit. It was but a frail hope, and it was shattered finally before he had fairly considered it.

As he sat at his table he glanced occasionally into the street. Very few people passed in that quiet spot, and most of those were quite familiar figures. For this reason his attention was caught presently by the appearance of a person who passed, in a leisurely way, on the other side.

He was of a very commonplace appearance, not in the least unlike one of the half-dozen insurance canvassers or touts who came daily; indeed, he was much more like one of those persons than he required to be in order to play the part. Mr. Barrows had an observant eye, and something about

this stranger's bearing fitted in with an expectation of his own. He saw the man pass out of sight, but still kept a watch upon the street; and he was not at all surprised, after he had waited ten minutes, to see him pass the window again, this time on the nearer side.

Mr. Barrows decided to make sure. Moving nearer to the window, he saw the fellow leave the street once more, and vanish; but he knew that if his suspicions were just the matter was not done with. This time he waited half-an-hour; then he heard brisk footsteps on the pavement, and the same man walked innocently up to Hadfield's gate, opened it, and made straight for the front door. He carried a worn leather bag, which was well stocked, no doubt, with insurance company leaflets or sewing-machine prospectuses. In another moment he would have rung the bell; but before he could do so Mr. Barrows had thrown up his window. It was a bay window, and he was face to face with the stranger.

Chambers's Journal.

"Not to-day, thank you," he said pleasantly.

The man stopped, and stared. He raised his hand to the bell.

"No," said Mr. Barrows firmly. "Not to-day, thank you. You mustn't call to-day, *there*."

The visitor sought words, but was so utterly taken by surprise by this flank attack that he could not find them. He saw detection in Mr. Barrows' look, heard it in his voice, read it in his smile. Without a defence, he retired to the gate, passed out, and made his retreat, looking back once in mingled fear, anger, and amazement.

"Very clumsy indeed," thought Mr. Barrows, closing down his window. "They do these things much better in Styria! But it is just as I thought. There is only one thing to be done."

He reflected uneasily upon the way in which he was being led from one step to another. But there was no one else to go!

W. E. Cule.

(To be continued.)

CELTIC SAGAS.*

There is no more practical evidence of a book's value than is afforded by the willingness of publishers to seize upon it at the expiration of its copyright; and though no such evidence was needed in the case of Lady Charlotte Guest's famous version of "The Mabinogion," which had furnished the text for discourses by critics so great

as Rénan and Matthew Arnold, and the ground-work for one of Tennyson's best idylls, yet its appearance in two re-issues in the very month when Lady Gregory published her English version of the old Irish heroic tales was a hopeful augury for the Irish work, and naturally suggested a comparison, which however will be used here main-

* 1. "Cuchulain of Muirthemne": The Story of the Men of the Red Branch of Ulster; arranged and put into English by Lady Gregory. With a Preface by W. B. Yeats. London, 1902.
2. "The Mabinogion." Medieval Welsh Romances translated by Lady Charlotte Guest.

With Notes by Alfred Nutt. London, 1902.

3. "Togall Bruidne Da Derga. The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel." Edited, with Translation and Glossarial Index, by Whitely Stokes, D. C. L. Paris, 1902.

ly to illustrate by the method of resemblance and difference the ancient poetry of Ireland.

On the title-page of his excellent little edition, Mr. Alfred Nutt (to whom, both as a scholar and as publisher, all students of Celtic literature owe a deep debt) describes "*The Mabinogion*" as Medieval Welsh Romances; and the word romances, deliberately chosen, carries at once in its etymology a hint of Rome. But at the time when all the rest of the known Western world (for Russia is as much Asiatic as European) was subjugated and profoundly modified by Rome, two purely European countries, Scandinavia and Ireland, were unreached by that momentous conquest. Each of these countries had a literature which is still preserved, and the two literatures have this negative resemblance, that each was alien and difficult to the heirs of classic culture. It is true that these early narrative inventions have a natural resemblance to the primitive poetry of Greece, a resemblance which becomes more apparent as study grows closer; but Greece leavened Rome, and Greek was the mother-tongue of Christianity, so that Greek literature comes to all of us somewhat as part of our intellectual inheritance. Indeed it is not alien; and most of us, before we can reach the spirit of the Norse or Celtic sagas, must endeavor to interpret them into terms of Homer.

In so far as the Teutonic stories are concerned, the work of reconciliation has been fully done. The skalds have their due, and their creations, known in the eighteenth century only to a scholar like Gray, have now sunk into the general mind of Europe, through the mediation of Wagner and a hundred others. It is only natural, for the stock that created them is wide-spread to-day. Less easy of access are the Celtic stories and poems, whose unlikeness to the Norse is explained by Mr.

Yeats in a preface which is a worthy example of a poet's criticism. In it he tells how, when he was a boy, William Morris came to Dublin and talked to him of these old stories.

He spoke of the Irish account of the battle of Clontarf, and of the Norse account, and said that one saw the Norse and Irish tempers in the two accounts. The Norseman was interested in the way things are done, but the Irishman turned aside, evidently well pleased to be out of so dull a business, to describe beautiful supernatural events. He was thinking, I suppose, of the young man who came from Aebhen of the Grey Rock, giving up immortal love and youth, that he might fight and die by Murrrough's side. He said that the Norseman had the dramatic temper, and the Irishman had the lyrical. I think I should have said epical and romantic rather than dramatic and lyrical, but his words, which have so much greater authority than mine, mark the distinction very well, and not only between Irish and Norse, but between Irish and other un-Celtic literatures. The Irish storyteller could not interest himself with an unbroken interest in the way men like himself burned a house, or won wives no more wonderful than themselves. His mind constantly escaped out of daily circumstance, as a bough that has been held down by a weak hand suddenly straightens itself out. His imagination was always running off to Tir-nan-oge, to the Land of Promise, which is as near to the country people of to-day as it was to Cuchulain and his companions. His belief in its nearness cherished in its turn the lyrical temper, which is always athirst for an emotion, a beauty, which cannot be found in its perfection upon earth, or only for a moment. His imagination, which had not been able to believe in Cuchulain's greatness, until it had brought the Great Queen, the red-eyebrowed goddess, to woo him upon the battlefield, could not be satisfied with a friendship less romantic and lyrical than that of Cuchulain and Ferdiad, who kissed one another after the day's fighting, or with a love less romantic than that of

Baile and Aillinn, who died at the report of one another's deaths, and married in Tir-nan-oge.

Not less natural than the easier access of Norse legends to the mind of a world becoming predominantly Teuton, is the fact that the only Celtic sagas which have won their way into the imagination of Europe are those which took shape among Celts half Romanized. The Arthurian legend spread from Wales and from Cornwall till it became one of the great sources of medieval poetry; but, says Mr. Nutt, "It is not hard to understand why the Norman who went to Ireland remained unaffected by the varied and splendid Irish literature, while from Wales he brought back the Arthurian romance." The Welsh, living in a land which Rome indeed had never subjugated, yet which was divided by no barrier of estranging sea from territories long Roman, felt the influence of Rome and Christian classic culture. They kept the old barbaric stories, the myths of the old fairy world, but they reshaped them, and "attenuated what in its aspect might have been too fantastic, too uncouthly strange." The tales which Lady Charlotte Guest translated took the form in which she found them, it seems, in the eleventh or twelfth centuries. Some of them are probably as old as human speech almost, myths of the great gods of nature, Manawyddan, the Irish Manannan, lord of the sea, and his compeers; some semi-historical, like those which group themselves round the person of Arthur. But in all of them there is present, in greater or less degree, the influence of medieval chivalry and its characteristic turns of speech and thought. When the Normans came to Ireland, they came among a people wholly alien to their traditional culture, and though they conquered, they did not modify the intellectual life in which their own was presently submerged. They left no

trace on the Irish lays and romances. But in Wales they came among a people prepared by centuries of slow infiltration for a fusion which should result in the blending of two types to produce a third, and the Welsh minstrels and storytellers quickly told their own stories as a Norman might have told them,—modernizing them, in fact, somewhat as Tennyson, seven centuries later, again modernized the legends of Arthur's chivalry. The substance remained Celtic, the forms of the prose and verse were those traditional in Wales,—forms largely modified by models from Ireland, the focus of Celtic culture—but the spirit was mainly Norman, or at least Norman-Welsh. Norman minstrels, thus brought into contact with a new and living literature, already interpreted, as it were, into their own terms, caught at the chance, and spread the tales through the Romance-speaking peoples of Europe, choosing those where the transformation had been completed, just as Tennyson, when he based his "Geraint" upon "The Mabinogion," based it upon a tale which can scarcely have taken the Welsh form in which the translator found it earlier than the twelfth century.

But though in some instances the transformation is very slight and superficial, still in each and all of the tales which Lady Charlotte Guest translated, the champions of the Celtic world appear metamorphosed into Norman knights in armor. In the case of Ireland all this is different. There are three distinct strata of Irish folk-lay or folk-romance. First, there are stories like "The Fate of the Children of Lir" which belong to the olden world and the days of the Tuatha de Danann, in which the personages are all supernatural, with no fixed term of life, and in which the power of enchantment is a common possession. Secondly, there is the cycle of lays

which corresponds roughly to the heroic cycle of Greece; tales of the Ulster heroes of the Red Branch and their contemporaries, kings and queens of Connaught. Mortals they are all of them; though some, like Cuchulain, have fairy blood, and though all have superhuman strength, they all know age and death. Thirdly comes the so-called Fenian cycle, telling the deeds of Fionn MacCumhail and his companions, in the last days before Christianity came into the land. This group of lays, which more than any other have maintained their hold on the popular imagination among the people which created them, differ sharply from the Red Branch cycle in being deliberately set against a background of Christianity; for the deeds of Fionn and the Fianna are chiefly related by Ossian son of Fionn, when, after the sojourn with Niamh the fairy princess in Tir-nan-oge, he "thought long" for Ireland, and returned, despite her warnings, to find himself bowed and old, his companions dead and forgotten and monk and bell supreme in the land. He told the tales in long colloquies with his teacher St. Patrick, and the Christian bards who made the lays took an unholy pleasure in turning the listener's sympathy to the forbidden and full-blooded delights of love and chase and battle.

Into the oldest and most purely mythic cycle also the Christian element is introduced, for the children of Lir, doomed to wear the shape of swans for nine hundred years, can find no release till Columbkille comes to transform them. And, even among the legends of the Red Branch a beautiful tale, still current, tells how Conall Carnach in his wanderings came one day to the city of Jerusalem and saw the Crucifixion; but I leave that story to be told in English by the man who told it to me, and it is probably of later invention. Strictly speaking, the Red Branch cycle, which Lady Gregory has under-

taken to interpret, shows the pagan Celtic imagination in its most typical, least modified shaping of thought and words. But in none of the Irish legends or lays, through all their diversity of subject and treatment, is there any trace of external influence beyond what Christianity represents. The heroes of "The Mabinogion" are knights on horseback; they encounter in the forms of medieval chivalry; they attack and defend medieval castles. The heroes of the Red Branch fight in chariots like Hector and Achilles; the Fianna are warriors on foot; and in all the poems the fortress is a *dun* with banks of earth or palisades to protect it; and the kings and princes live not in stone castles but in such a house as Conchubar MacNessa, the High King, had in Emain on the height of Macha, which is now Armagh.

A fine palace it was, having three houses in it, the Royal House, and the Speckled House, and the House of the Red Branch.

In the Royal House there were three times fifty rooms, and the walls were made of red yew, with copper rivets. And Conchubar's own room was on the ground, and the walls of it faced with bronze, and silver up above, with gold birds on it, and their heads set with shining carbuncles; and there were nine partitions from the fire to the wall, and thirty feet the height of each partition. And there was a silver rod before Conchubar with three golden apples on it, and when he shook the rod or struck it, all in the house would be silent.

It was in the House of the Red Branch were kept the heads and the weapons of beaten enemies, and in the Speckled House were kept the swords and the shields and the spears of the heroes of Ulster. And it was called the Speckled House because of the brightness and the colors of the hilts of the swords, and the bright spears, green or grey, with rings and bands of silver and gold about them, and the gold and silver that were on the rims

and the bosses of the shields, and the brightness of the drinking-cups and the horns.

In a word, the civilization or glorious barbarism depicted in Irish saga is one that had not passed, and that never passed, into the Roman type; and the thoughts, the ideals, alike in life and art, of the bards who described it are alien to us, as they were alien to the Norman.

It will be seen, then, that the task which Lady Gregory undertook was not simply the task of a scholar, which is to render fully the original, displaying the inherent imperfections and crudities as things in themselves of scarcely less interest than the excellences of a primitive composition. Her task, in endeavoring to make easy of enjoyment for readers of to-day these prose epics as the bards of the eleventh century left them, was akin to that task of conciliation which the Welshmen themselves had performed before "The Mabinogion" took the shape in which Lady Charlotte Guest found it. We may take the case at its simplest, as for example in the story of Da Derga's Hostel, the bulk of which has come down to us in a manuscript of the twelfth century or earlier, and not in some later version. Yet even in such a case we have, according to scholars, a copy of the text made probably three centuries after the saga took its definitive shape and therefore probably unreliable. It is impossible to believe that the artist who made that trenchant story made it with such clumsy iterations of incident as occur in the existing copies. But, no matter where the blame for these is rightly to be placed, —whether on the first maker of the tale, or on others who spoilt it later in the telling—Lady Gregory for her purpose, which was to give an acceptable version of the story, had a right to correct the blunders. And in other matters, where taste has finally

changed, she had an equal right to omit certain amplifications of description, just as, if one needed nowadays to popularize Homer, it would be wise to omit or curtail the catalogue of the ships. The scope of Lady Gregory's work has therefore differed from Lady Charlotte Guest's in that she has not been content to translate one manuscript, but by comparing many, by re-arranging, selecting, and compressing, she has produced a version of the story, faithful in essentials, differing mainly from the originals by omissions. In many cases the same criteria, if applied, would involve alteration of the stories in "The Mabinogion"; but, as I have already urged, the Welsh writers were under the influence of Latin models, and omitted many touches common to Celtic imagination. For example, Ingcel in the Irish manuscript has seven pupils in each eye. Lady Gregory robs him of this characteristic, and I make no doubt that the Welsh bard of the twelfth century would also have suppressed the grotesque detail. And so, briefly, the translator of the Red Branch sagas, if she was to accomplish for Irish heroic literature what had been accomplished for the Welsh half a century ago, had to do something more than Lady Charlotte Guest had done; she had to make not merely a translation but a recension of the epic material. This work, involving a free exercise of the artist's constructive faculty, has been done in consultation with Mr. Yeats, but the work is Lady Gregory's, and, in my judgment it would be hard to overpraise it.

Individual preferences may be discounted, and every man has a natural fondness for compositions that call up to him if it were only the names of places in his own country; but I think it probable that the lover of literature, having no tie either to Ireland or to Wales, will find the book which Lady Gregory has given to the world a

greater source of enjoyment than Lady Charlotte Guest's "Mabinogion." Partly, because the stories are in themselves bolder, freer, more affluent in the sap of life; but principally because of the very curious and difficult feat which the translator has accomplished. Lady Charlotte Guest's English is pure, simple and harmonious; and yet it is in a manner bookish, for it is deliberately archaic. I cite a passage from "The Lady of the Fountain."

And Owain rose up, and clothed himself, and opened a window of the chamber, and looked towards the castle; and he could see neither the bounds, nor the extent of the hosts that filled the streets. And they were fully armed; and a vast number of women were with them, both on horseback and on foot; and all the ecclesiastics in the city singing. And it seemed to Owain that the sky resounded with the vehemence of their cries, and with the noise of the trumpets, and with the singing of the ecclesiastics. In the midst of the throng he beheld the bier, over which was a veil of white linen: and wax tapers were burning beside and around it, and none that supported the bier was lower in rank than a powerful baron.

Never did Owain see an assemblage so gorgeous with satin, and silk, and sendall. And following the train, he beheld a lady with yellow hair falling over her shoulders, and stained with blood; and about her a dress of yellow satin, which was torn. Upon her feet were shoes of variegated leather. And it was a marvel that the ends of her fingers were not bruised, from the violence with which she smote her hands together. Truly she would have been the fairest lady Owain ever saw had she been in her usual guise. And her cry was louder than the shout of the men or the clamor of the trumpets. No sooner had he beheld the lady than he became inflamed with her love, so that it took entire possession of him.

Then he inquired of the maiden who the lady was. "Heaven knows," replied the maiden; "she may be said to

be the fairest, and the most chaste, and the most liberal, and the wisest, and the most noble of women. And she is my mistress; and she is called the Countess of the Fountain, the wife of him whom thou didst slay yesterday." "Verily," said Owain, "she is the woman that I love best." "Verily," said the maiden, "she shall also love thee not a little."

Compare with that the description of Etain.

There was a king over Ireland before this time whose name was Eochaid Feidlech, and it is he was grandfather to Conaire the Great.

He was going one time over the fair-green of Bri Leith, and he saw at the side of a well a woman, with a bright comb of silver and gold, and she washing in a silver basin, having four golden birds on it, and little bright purple stones set in the rim of the basin. A beautiful purple cloak she had, and silver fringe to it, and a gold brooch; and she had on her a dress of green silk with a long hood embroidered in red gold, and wonderful clasps of gold and silver on her breasts and on her shoulders. The sunlight was falling on her, so that the gold and the green silk were shining out. Two plaits of hair she had, four locks in each plait, and a bead at the point of every lock, and the color of her hair was like yellow flags in summer, or like red gold after it is rubbed.

There she was, letting down her hair to wash it, and her arms out through the sleeveholes of her shift. Her soft hands were as white as the snow of a single night, and her eyes as blue as any blue flower, and her lips as red as the berries of the rowan-tree, and her body as white as the foam of the wave. The bright light of the moon was in her face, the lightness of pride in her eyebrows, a dimple of delight in each of her cheeks, the light of wooing in her eyes, and when she walked she had a step that was steady and even, like the walk of a queen.

Of all the women in the world she was the best and the nicest and the most beautiful that had ever been

seen, and it is what King Eochaid and his people thought, that she was from the hills of the Sidhe. It is of her it was said, "All are dear, and all are shapely till they are put beside Etain."

Then Eochaid sent his people to bring her to him, and when she came, he said, "Who are you yourself and where do you come from?" "It is easy to say that," she said; "I am Etain, daughter of Etar, king of the Riders of the Sidhe. And I have been in this place ever since I was born, twenty years ago, in a hill of the Sidhe, and kings and great men among them have been asking my love, but they got nothing from me, for since the time I could first speak I have loved yourself, and given you a child's love, because of the great talk I have heard of your grandeur. And when I saw you now I knew you by all I had heard of you; and so I have reached to you at last."

"It is no bad friend you have been looking for," said Eochaid, "but there will be a welcome before you, and I will leave every other woman for you, and it is with yourself I will live from this out, so long as you keep good behavior."

Lady Gregory's prose differs notably from the other, and, to my thinking, differs for the better in two ways. First, it is not skilfully imitated from the bygone language of old books, but is based, as all living prose should be, on a speech living and spoken to-day. And, secondly, it does what is most difficult in a translation,—it suggests the idiom of the original without ceasing itself to be idiomatic. That is not unnatural, because it is based upon the dialect of English which has grown up in those parts of Ireland where Gaelic is, and always has been, constantly spoken. This English is, so far as vocabulary goes, perhaps the purest known to me; it is certainly the least contaminated by slang, and even in the mouth of those who speak it from childhood, it keeps something of the precision natural in an acquired language,—but with this difference, that

it is wholly free from the mass of modern phrases generated by convenience, which are specially appropriate in journalism and impossible in poetry. A man speaking this English would say that a certain poem was written before the time of St. Patrick; Mr. Nutt would say that it "antedates the fifth century." I do not say that an English laborer or farmer would have employed the locution which I attribute (not, I regret to say, without reason) to Mr. Nutt; I only observe that the English spoken by Irish-speaking peasants is freer than any other from all that is akin to this diction, and is therefore specially proper to form a basis for poetic prose. But the Irish peasant, while adhering to the most classic English vocabulary, modifies the idiom and the rhythm of the language into a likeness of his own; and though certain of the most distinctively Irish, and therefore most un-English, idioms employed by Lady Gregory (for instance "there will be a welcome before you") are strange to my ear, I recognize the fidelity of her version to the general type of language familiar to me in West Donegal. Yet those who read it will not, I think, find anything repellent in an English which could be translated into Irish almost word for word.

If they are of my mind,—and criticism must in the last resort be founded on individual experience—they will discover that the story of Cuchulain has at last been told in such a way that it can be read with growing delight. I had previously essayed it several times in the best versions I could come at, and got no pleasure except from the single lay which tells the fate of Deirdré and the sons of Usnach,—an episode which enters into the story of Cuchulain only as giving the reason why Fergus MacRoi, Cuchulain's master in arms, who alone might have withstood his pupil, was found on the

side of Connaught in the great war fought for the sake of the Brown Bull of Cuailgne. I owe to Lady Gregory's skill,—and thousands will probably acknowledge the same debt—the vision of Cuchulain in his beauty, his terror, and his charm. And the shortest way to explain how her mediation has been effected is to compare her rendering of one passage with another specimen of the translator's art which is from its own point of view and for its own purpose, not inferior to hers. I take the ending of the tale which tells how Canary, the heaven-sent king of Ireland, obeying the dictates of his goodness and his chivalry, broke the arbitrary *geasa*, or taboos¹ laid on him by the people of the Sidhe, and came by his fate, the valor of himself and his companions availing nothing against enchantments. Conall Cearnach, who had stayed defending his king till the last in the hostel against the reaver's attack, when he saw Conaire dead of the magic drouth, cut his way through with great slaughter. Then, says Lady Gregory:

Conall Carnach, after he got away, went on to his father's house, and but half his shield left in his hand, and a few bits left of his two spears. And he found Amergin, his father, out before his dun in Taltlin.

"Those are fierce wolves that have hunted you, my son," said he. "It was not wolves that wounded me, but a sharp fight with fighting men," said Conall. "Have you news from Da Derga's Inn?" said Amergin. "Is your lord living?" "He is not living," said Conall. "I swear by the gods the great tribes of Ulster swear by, the man is a coward that came out alive, leaving his lord dead among his enemies," said Amergin. "My own wounds are not white, old hero," said Conall. And with that he showed him his right arm that was full of wounds. "That arm

fought there, my son," said Amergin. "That is true," said Conall. "There are many in front of the Inn now, it gave drinks of death to last night."

Here is now the literal rendering of the same passage given by Mr. Whitley Stokes from the "*Lebor na h Uldre*," a manuscript of the end of the eleventh or beginning of the twelfth century.

Now Conall Carnach escaped from the Hostel, and thrice fifty spears had gone through the arm which upheld his shield. He fared forth till he reached his father's house, with half his shield in his hand, and his sword, and the fragments of his two spears. Then he found his father before his garth in Taltin.

"Swift are the wolves that have hunted thee, my son," said his father.

"'Tis this that has wounded us, thou old hero, an evil conflict with warriors," Conall Carnach replied.

"Hast thou then news of Da Derga's Hostel?" asked Amergin. "Is thy lord alive?"

"He is *not* alive," says Conall.

"I swear to God what the great tribes of Ulaidh swear, it is cowardly for the man who went thereout alive, having left his lord with his foes in death."

"My wounds are not white, thou old hero," says Conall.

He shews him his shield-arm, whereon were thrice fifty wounds: this is what was inflicted on it. The shield that guarded it is what saved it. But the right arm had been played upon, as far as two-thirds thereof, since the shield had not been guarding it. That arm was mangled and maimed and wounded and pierced, save that the sinews kept it to the body without separation.

"That arm fought to-night, my son," says Amergin.

"True is that, thou old hero," says Conall Carnach. "Many there are unto whom it gave drinks of death to-night in front of the Hostel."

I have chosen this passage, first because it shows that the Irish poets, though their tendency was to redun-

¹ Is it not curiously significant that we should have to use a Polynesian term to explain one perfectly familiar to every Irish speaker?

dant amplification, could upon occasion be as terse as any Icclander; and secondly, because it illustrates in a small compass the whole of Lady Gregory's work of recension. Those who are connoisseurs in literature rather than simply lovers of poetry will prefer the literal version which keeps the quaintness, the crude savor, of primitive literature,—though for my own part I think that barbarisms, which in the original even of Homer fall naturally into their place, acquire a disturbing salience in translation. For the connoisseurs, however, there are, and there should be, books like that of Mr. Whitley Stokes; but it is in no way condemning the work of scholars to say that by their means Lady Gregory has been enabled to do for ordinary lovers of literature a thing which they have not done, and probably could not do.

There is no use in trying to tell in brief the story of Cuchulain, any more than the story of Achilles. I would only emphasize a little, what Mr. Yeats has touched on in his preface,—the keen fidelity to truth, the presentment, not less observant than lyrical, of human greatness, which underlies all the wild hyperbole of the narrative. When the boy Setanta,—for he had not yet done the feat that was to get him his name, Cuchulain, the Hound of Culann—sets out alone from his mother's house for the court of Emain Macha, shortening the way for himself with his hurling stick, and the silver ball which he drove before him, every trait in his actions is true to the type of high-spirited boyhood; and his first contention with the boy-troop of Emain, and the terms which he imposed before he would enter their society, are simply the facts of a fighting boy's school life poetized and glorified. And his way of taking arms, when he overheard Cathbad the Druid's prophecy that if any young man should take arms that day his name would be greater than any name

in Ireland but his span of life short; his way of beguiling his charioteer into an expedition so that his first day of taking arms might be also his first day of killing and spoil-winning; his way to rid himself of the champion Conall Cearnach who went along to protect the untried fighter; all these are deep in human nature. It is true that maybe in real life he would have slipped the linch-pin out of Conall's chariot, instead of breaking its yoke with a stonecast, and maybe an Icclander would have shown him doing so; but none the less the trait is true in its essence.

"Bad luck on your throwing and on yourself," said Conall. "And any one that likes may strike your head off now, for I will go with you no farther." "That is just what I wanted," said Cuchulain.

True also in the same symbolic way, but curiously peculiar to the Celtic race, is the episode of the boy's return from this first foray, when the madness of battle had lit in him for the first time, and he was seen coming back in anger, with the bleeding heads of enemies in his chariot, and the wild stags that he had run down bound to it, and white birds bearing him company. Those who saw him feared that the lust for slaying burned in him still, and if his anger could not be cooled, the young men of Emain would be in danger from him.

Then they all consulted together, and it is what they agreed, to send out three fifties of women of Emain to meet him, and they having their breasts uncovered. When the boy saw the women coming, then was shame on him, and he leaned down his head into the cushions of the chariot, and hid his face from them. And the wildness went out of him, and his feasting clothes were brought, and water for washing; and there was a great welcome before him.

Qualis ab incepto—Cuchulain in his first feats, in his hero-training with Scathach the woman warrior, in his wooing of Emer, in his long combats against the champions of Connaught, and in the tragic scenes of his predestined close—is always the same, yet always changing, as a man must change. His speech and his acts are never more characteristic than in the last story but one of his doings—"and that is a very sad story," said an old *shanachy* to me the other day, as we walked up from the bog where he had left off cutting turf to converse eagerly over his lore of the gods and heroes. That is the scene where he fights with and slays his son—child of Aoife, another Amazon of the Scotch Isles, whom he had defeated when she came out to destroy Scathach, and who had given him so much of her love, that when she learnt how he had married Emer, she trained up this boy to be his vanquisher. Cuchulain had no will to slay the young hero of unknown name, who had put down in turn all the other champions of Ulster; but the fight was the hardest he had ever fought, and his anger came on him, as it had come in that other cruel fight with his chosen friend Ferdiad, and the flames of the hero light began to shine about his head, and the son, seeing this token, knew his father. He turned aside the aim of the spear that he was casting, but Cuchulain threw the Gae Bulg, the magic spear made of a monster's bones, that Aoife herself had given him and that had slain Ferdiad. And then the boy, dying, showed the ring that was his token, and told his name which he had been under oath not to reveal for any threat. "But oh Cuchulain of the sharp sword," he said, "it was pity you not to know me the time I threw the slanting spear behind you in the fight."

I will not quote the song that Cuchulain made telling of his bitter grief that

for this death alone he could exact no vengeance, and of the loneliness that was on him in the world; nor of the rage with which he faced the men of Ulster, till Cathbad the Druid sent him down to fight the waves of the sea for three days, lest he should destroy his own friends. Nor the chapter that tells of his doom gathering, and how Emer, for all her jealousy and fierceness, bid Niamh, whom he loved, and the poets and the Druids, take him away to the Deaf Valley where he would hear no sound of the outer world; and how even there the witch daughters of Calatin found him and drew him out with false tales of his house assailed, to go with Laog his charioteer, and his horses, the Black Sanglain and the Grey of Macha, in defiance of all omens to the fated battle. I will quote rather this passage which tells how Cuchulain went to take vengeance on Maeve's army for the boy-troop who had been destroyed in defending Ulster while the fairy-sleep was laid on him; and how afterwards the women of the other host came out to look on his beauty.

And then Cuchulain put on his armor, and took his spears, and his sword, and his shield that had a rim so sharp it would cut a hair against the stream, and his cloak that was made of the precious fleeces of the land of the Sidhe, that had been brought to him by Manannan from the King of SORCHA. He went out then against the men of Ireland and attacked them, and his anger came on them, so that it was not his own appearance he had on him, but the appearance of a god. And after that he made a round of the whole army, mowing them down on every side, in revenge for the boy-troop of Emain.

But the next day he was standing on the hill, young and comely and shining, and the cloud of his anger had gone from him. Then the women and young girls in the camp, and the poets and the singers, came out to look at him;

but Maeve hid her face behind a shelter of shields, thinking that he might make a cast at her with his sling. And there was wonder on these women to see him so quiet and gentle to-day, and he such a terror to the whole army yesterday; and they bade the men lift them up on their shields to the heights of their shoulders, the way they could have a good look at him.

And, let it be remembered, Cuchulain is only one of many figures not less living. The story of Deirdré, an Irish

Macmillan's Magazine.

Cassandra, is perhaps even more beautiful than anything in the cycle; and there is at least one tale, "The Contention of the Women," where a touch of laughter enters into the romantic narrative, yet without lowering the pitch. But when all is said, it is superfluous to say anything except to advise those who love early literature to read, and to advise those Irish who have a pride in their own inheritance to read and read again.

Stephen Gwynn.

CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAY IN FRANCE.

The Western slopes of the Vosges mountains on the North-Eastern frontiers of France, gradually subside into long rolling hills covered with corn, alternating with forests of beech and oak, and with rich pasturage in the well-watered valleys. These breezy uplands form the water-shed of the Moselle and other rivers, on whose banks buildings and factories are rapidly springing up. But above the busy life of Nancy and Epinal, the upper country is inhabited by a simple, industrious race, living in substantial stone houses with wide-spreading roofs; ploughing and wood-cutting, making cheese and butter, and rearing poultry, untroubled by any modern theories of scientific agriculture.

When the summer comes round, the quiet villages of the Vosges are suddenly invaded by strangers. Express trains from Paris arrive and deposit their load of passengers and luggage at little wayside stations. Hotels and private houses are filled to overflowing; the special source of attraction being the mineral waters, with which the whole neighborhood abounds. There are hot springs and cold springs and warm springs, all varying in their

chemical components, all pouring out in exhaustless abundance waters which, from Roman times, have been famous for their healing and recuperative powers.

The village of Contrexéville is one of these favored spots; from June to September it attracts the gouty rich from all countries. The Shah of Persia, a Russian Princess and other Royalties, have been amongst this year's guests, and many French ladies, as remarkable for their enormous girth as for the vivacity of their conversation. In the height of the season the population of wealthy invalids overflows perforce to Martigny on the one hand and to Vittel on the other. In all three places the same *régime* prevails of early hours, spare diet, prescribed exercise and a deluge of waters within and without, mitigated by palatial hotels, bands, theatres and lovely public gardens.

While Contrexéville is taxing its resources to cajole the idle and corpulent rich to eat less, and to walk more, the neighboring village of Mandres is intent upon a task, certainly not less worthy, but of an exactly opposite nature—to get the overworked and under-

fed slum-children of Paris to rest quietly and to eat all that can be crammed down their poor little throats. It must be set down to the credit account of Dives at Contrexéville, that the scheme for fattening young Lazarus originated with him.

The remarkable work of the School Colony (*Colonie Scolaire*) at Mandres-sur-Valr is becoming famous throughout France, and is well worthy the attention of those interested at home in the various plans for giving a country holiday to the children of our own large towns.

The scheme originated with Dr. Graux, a Paris physician of wide interests and cultured taste, who is one of the leading doctors practising at Contrexéville during the season; he was discussing with a patient of his in 1887 the condition of the children in the Paris slums, the high rate of mortality, the deterioration, physical and moral, of the survivors, the anæmic condition of the children at the end of the school-year, and the difficulty of showing them a simpler and happier mode of life to which they might aspire.

The question was practically familiar to both the friends, as Monsieur Duval (an engineer and machine-maker by profession) was a member of the Municipal Council of one of the poorest and most crowded quarters of Paris, known as the XIth Arrondissement, and the doctor was an enthusiast for moral and sanitary reform.

Dr. Graux suggested an entirely novel idea, that a Paris municipality should acquire land and a building in a country district, to be used for the sole purpose of a holiday resort for the poorest class of children in its elementary schools. He also pointed out that within two or three miles of Contrexéville itself there was a site and a building that would fulfil all the desired conditions.

On a bracing hill-side just above the village of Mandres was a large country house, built by the Marquis de Favincourt in the seventeenth century. His successor fled amongst the crowd of noble *émigrés* at the outbreak of the Revolution. The estate became national property, and was sold to the peasants, who cut down the timber, broke up the park, and converted the château into barns and granaries; but it had not suffered much and was then for sale.

M. Duval, who was as generous and energetic as he was wealthy, did not wait for official delays or even to consult his colleagues at Paris as to the practicability of the scheme; he bought the château at once, with enough land round it for large gardens and recreation grounds. Dr. Graux himself superintended the planting of trees and shrubs. The old building was adapted to its new uses, and largely added to; the most necessary furniture was purchased, and M. Duval handed the whole thing over to the Caisse d'Ecole of the XIth Arrondissement of Paris, ready for occupation. Education, and all that concerns the welfare of the scholars, is liberally supported by the French Republic, and the gift was cordially accepted.

The XIth Arrondissement is in itself a large overcrowded city of 220,000 inhabitants, chiefly of the working classes, with a school-population of 20,000 children; it is the eastern part of central Paris, including the Place de la République.

In the summer of 1889, two years from the first discussion of the project, the School Colony of Mandres was actually inaugurated by the arrival of the first trainfull of two hundred pale, weary and eager little boys.

The main building is divided up into large dormitories, store-rooms, and a committee room. The added building contains a fine refectory with kitchens, the room above which is used as a

day-room, with a small library. The refectory opens into a wide glazed verandah giving shelter to the children in wet weather, and, except while actually eating or sleeping, the children live out of doors. The one instruction given to the teachers in charge is to keep the children happy and amused in the open air. The only task insisted upon is a weekly letter to the parents, which is utilized to make them give a connected account of what they are seeing and doing.

As a matter of fact, the more intelligent of the children take a pleasure in writing excellent compositions upon the various incidents of their stay; they collect wild flowers and insects to form a small local museum. One boy who had special musical ability, was allowed time to practise his violin, and it was being arranged for him to have violin lessons in Contrexéville, but this was an exception. The boys make their own beds, while a staff of servants is kept to do the household work.

As the scheme provides that 1000 children, from ten to fourteen years of age, shall each have three weeks' residence in the country, the summer holidays of two months' duration do not afford sufficient time. In the month of May the holiday children are selected by a committee of medical men, with the advice of the school teachers, and the first batch of two hundred is composed of those children who from weak health or dull brains are making the least progress in their studies, and are not likely to distinguish themselves in the summer examination and prize-giving at the end of July.

A month of their school-time is therefore sacrificed to the building up of their health at Mandres, and after that they still have the full school holiday on their return to their parents. Alternate batches of two hundred boys and two hundred girls are despatched throughout the summer, not a day being lost, the children returning from

Mandres crossing the train by the way, bringing a fresh party down from Paris.

The last to go are the *élite* of the school in character and ability, those who have distinguished themselves at the summer "concours," some of whom will not return to school any more; the others will be back in time for the re-opening of the schools on October 1.

No difficulty is made by the parents, who are only too delighted with the treat given to the children, and are not put to any other expense than that of sending them properly clothed.

When the names are settled each child is registered under a number, and he goes off to the Mairie of the Arrondissement in Paris, where four hundred strong little wooden valises, each numbered and with its own key, are stored for this purpose. Each child receives a valise with his own number and a list of the outfit required. A dark blue cloth cap is presented to each boy and forms a distinguishing mark. The boxes are returned to the Mairie the next day ready packed, and are then strongly fastened together in tens, and sent to meet the children at the Gare de l'Est. The journey of some 225 miles takes the whole day. The railway company conveys the children at the military rate of quarter fare, but will not send them by express train. They assemble at the station at nine in the morning, and reach Contrexéville at half past five in the afternoon. Here the tradesmen, who are purveyors of the School Colony, undertake to supply carts whenever required for the use of the children. Ten of these long, light Lorraine carts, each large enough to contain twenty children and a teacher, are waiting at the station to convey them along the pretty country roads, through the avenues of poplars, to their holiday-house.

Each child is weighed and measured on arrival and on departure; the aver-

age gain for boys is two kilogrammes (four and a half pounds), and for girls one to one and a half (about three pounds). Some boys have gained as much as eight pounds in the three weeks. When the girls are given some form of the gymnastic exercises now confined to the boys, their increase in weight and width of chest may perhaps be as striking as is already the case with the boys.

The greatest change in their appearance is wrought during the first eight days of their holiday; the skin becomes much clearer, and the whole aspect of the children is brighter. Life which has been an anxious fight to many a little street Arab, has suddenly become a tranquil state, sheltered from worry, in which cruelty and hunger are unknown. The mere quiet and silence of the country have a soothing influence, greatly aided by the unwontedly generous diet and kindly surroundings. After the first week the children begin to put on flesh and to relish the change of food, although some, accustomed to the stimulant of black coffee, with perhaps a dash of rum in it, despise at first the hot morning milk which they say is only fit for feeding pigs; but when once they have taken to it, they enjoy it and thrive upon it.

The diet is abundant and excellent; after the hot milk soup in the morning there is a substantial mid-day meal of stewed meat and vegetables, when each child has before him his tiny bottle of red wine; a bowl of milk at 4 P. M., and a supper of soup, roast meat, vegetables, and fruit, with plenty of fine white bread at every meal.

Baths are in course of construction at the School Colony where there is an abundant supply of excellent water; in the building are ample lavatories, and for the present the children are driven into Contrexéville for baths, returning in tearing spirits flourishing a towel as a flag.

In the short space of three weeks it is found that the change in the child's manners is almost as marked as in his bodily health. Cleanly habits of thought and action, perhaps hitherto unknown, the discipline of good manners at meals, and the unselfishness induced by the common life of a well-ordered community, tell upon the character quickly at such an impressionable age. Something practical is effected in combating what in some cases are inherited tendencies to evil. The scowl of the hunted animal is giving way to the natural gaiety of childhood, and this applies to the girls quite as much as to the boys.

The girls do not get so much exercise as the boys, but they are trained in household matters, cleanliness, order and good management. A little girl of ten years old, the sixth child of a family in the Rue St. Maur, who marvelled at all she saw, seriously undertook on her return home to teach her brothers and sisters, her father and mother, what was meant by order and cleanliness; how to sweep, tidy, dust, to fold clothes, and how to wash with plenty of water; in short she went back a model little housewife.

Monsieur J. Cornely, a well-known French writer, published an account in the *Figaro* of September 3, 1900, of a visit he had paid to the School Colony at Mandres. His talk with the inhabitants elicited some charming answers; a boy aged ten, who came of a family of six children, said that they lived like princes, and that you had only to hold up your hand at meals to get a fresh bit of bread; another was chiefly impressed with the extraordinary fact that he had a bed all to himself, which he was not asked to share with any other soul.

The chief charm of the holiday for the town children consists in the long walks in the beautiful woods, abounding in fern and heather. The teachers

take out one hundred boys at a time and show them the stems, roots, leaves, and flowers, the birds and the beetles they have hitherto only seen in pictures and diagrams. The hay and the corn harvest and all agricultural operations are watched with intense interest. Mandres eminently lends itself to Nature-study; the village may be described as one vast farm-yard. The houses are set well back from the street, and the space between is occupied by the woodstack and the dung-heap.

The wood is brought in long, narrow carts, drawn by patient oxen, who come lumbering up the steep streets; and there is a pleasant sound of constant sawing and chopping, that the logs may be stored up for the winter under the big arch, which is the central feature of the house.

The dunghills are alive with cocks crowing, and hens scratching, and the women calling to their poultry to come and be fed.

In Contrexéville it is true, these comfortable customs are ruthlessly disturbed, in deference to the strange prejudices of visitors; before the bathing-season begins a police order obliges each householder to remove his dunghill from before his door; but no such troublesome innovation disturbs the peace of Mandres. Horses, bullocks and poultry live in the street, and seem equally happy and domesticated; and before sunset it is a charming sight to see the great flocks of geese returning to the village in charge of a goose-herd with red cloth streamers to his long wand, or a goose-girl who might have come straight out of a fairy-tale.

The children must have wonderful stories to tell on their return, and they receive many kindnesses. The Russian Princess from Contrexéville, a homely, motherly figure, alighted one day from a motor-car, with a packet of sweets for every child, and a supply of hoops

and very childish picture-books. A gymnastic display was got up in her honor, and it was pleasant to see the accuracy and zeal with which the boys performed their exercises among the trees of the orchard, which after thirteen years' growth give quite a respectable amount of shade.

Their instructor was a man of remarkable physique, who, being attacked with consumption as a lad, and his life despaired of, was himself a wonderful instance of the beneficial effects of the scientific training that he imparts.

The sympathetic interest taken by the teachers in the success of the summer outing is very noteworthy. Besides his keep, each receives the trifling honorarium of thirty francs, scarcely sufficient to pay for shoe-leather; yet they are expected never to lose sight of the children day or night, nor are the children ever allowed to go outside their own gates unaccompanied. All are lay teachers; no religious instruction is given, but the children whose parents desire it are taken to the parish church, which is just outside the School Colony gate.

Many interesting points are suggested by a comparison between the Country Holiday Movement as carried out in London and in Paris.

In London, a matter of national importance is left characteristically to private benevolence only; while in Paris, the start being given by private generosity, the work is carried on by the municipal authority. The expense of the French system is very much greater; the total cost of sending 1000 children into the country for three weeks is about 60,000 frs. (£2400), or 60 frs. (£2 8s.) for each child, this includes the maintenance of the house and grounds, the railway fares, and the care and supervision of the children during their holiday. In England 10s. is paid for the keep of each child in

a cottage-home for a fortnight, which scarcely pays the cottager unless two or three are taken together; the parents contribute to the railway fares, and nothing is paid for supervision from the moment when the child has started from the railway station in London.

The French children are better and more scientifically fed, and enjoy a holiday of three weeks instead of two, and above all they are assured of getting it. Any falling off of voluntary subscriptions in London, or such a calamity as the smallpox outbreak, which caused many guardians last summer to warn off London children from the villages in their unions, may suddenly deprive the children who most need it of any country holiday at all.

The French realize more readily than we do what an admirable national investment is the spending of money for the health and the education of the children, who are the only true wealth of a State.

But with all its limitations and its haphazard working our country holiday at the best has charms and advantages of its own. London children, who are affectionately welcomed by the country secretary, generally a lady, and put into suitable homes, are introduced into quite a new world, make fresh, often lasting, friendships, and experience for themselves both the advantages and the drawbacks of country life. They take their share in the village interests, challenge the country boys to cricket, and generally beat them, and if a few apples are stolen and some rabbits and squirrels have a bad time of it, the independent life that our boys lead affords a valuable training of character.

They are trusted, and are usually

worthy of trust. They swarm into the hayfields and ride in the waggons and are treated everywhere with good-natured tolerance, and are allowed to try their hands at all sorts of occupation.

Manners observed are quoted at home. "Mother," said a little girl, "our young lady calls Lady V. 'Mother' in speaking to us, same as if she was any one else." "'Course she does," replied the mother, rather missing the point; "it's only washerwomen nowadays as says 'Ma.'"

Boys and girls leave laden with gifts of flowers, fruit, and vegetables, which, with the characteristic generosity of the poor, the cottage-mothers often send back to the unknown mothers in London. Many a boy after he has gone to work in succeeding years has returned to the same kind hearth when a rare holiday has given him a day out of town; in some cases the parents of a delicate child have boarded him out for several months or even years in the village where his country holiday was spent, and under these conditions children of younger age can be sent to an experienced cottage-mother than are dealt with in France.

Such spontaneous and valuable friendships are impossible under the French system. The boys are always treated as children; no surreptitious knife or ball drops out of a trouser-pocket; work and play are alike regulated; the School Colony is entirely self-contained, and enters into no relations with the village community.

Much of the contrast has deep root in the different habits of the two nations; but an English observer has something to learn from the generous endowment and scientific organization of the children's country holiday in France.

Edmund Verney.

RELIGION AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

Of all the changes which have taken place in the attitude of thoughtful men in the course of the last thirty or forty years none are more striking than those affecting the relations between religion and physical science. The keen controversies which formerly raged between the two schools of thought, and the bitterness thereby engendered, have become things of the past, and the mutual distrust which certainly exercised a baneful influence upon both parties has been greatly diminished, if it has not altogether disappeared. To what is this great change due? Is it owing to lukewarmness, and to the indifference of either of the combatants to their own pursuits and doctrines? Is it because the faith of either in their own theories has been undermined? Has victory declared itself so palpably on one side that the other is vanquished, and silenced, if not convinced? Or does each disputant take a saner and more appreciative view of his own position and sphere, and that of his opponent, being content to perform his own work without burdening himself with criticism of the other?

These are very grave and vital questions for all those who are strongly impressed with the importance of either of these great branches of human thought and effort, and however little we may be able to appreciate in our own day their full significance there can be little doubt that on the answer to them must depend the legitimacy of our hopes for the advance and improvement of the highest interests of mankind.

It is this, among many other things, which invests with peculiar importance the able address delivered by the presi-

dent of the British Association at its late meeting at Belfast. The distinguished services which the protracted and indefatigable labors of Professor Dewar have rendered to science, and the advances which it has made under his guidance, together with his well-known tolerance of opinion and width of grasp, attach the utmost weight and authority to any views he may express. Consequently it is very noteworthy that he should on that occasion have called attention in a marked manner to what he fitly describes as the "epoch-making deliverance" of Professor Tyndall in the same city twenty-eight years ago, and should have dwelt with special emphasis on his declaration on behalf of men of science that "we claim, and we shall wrest, from theology the entire domain of cosmological theory." Professor Dewar adds that "this claim has been practically, though often unconsciously, conceded." In other words, if I understand the Professor rightly, the somewhat militant dictum of Tyndall has been justified by the defeat of the theologian, and his abandonment since the year 1874 of a field he has been compelled to admit he had no right to occupy. This must be a somewhat startling assertion for some persons who, while sincerely interested in the results of scientific research, and profoundly sensible of the value of the studies of those gifted men who devote themselves to it, are nevertheless firmly attached to the current theology of the day, and are absolutely unaware of having resigned an inch of its territory.

It is, therefore, justifiable, and, indeed, necessary, to examine this declaration of Tyndall's a little closely, and to ascertain exactly what it means be-

fore inquiring whether its prognostics have been actually fulfilled. But as it is always hazardous to criticise any single sentence of an utterance without giving its context it may be well to quote the whole passage.

The impregnable position of science may be described in a few words. We claim, and we shall wrest, from theology the entire domain of cosmological theory. All schemes and systems which thus infringe upon the domain of science must, *in so far as they do this*, submit to its control, and relinquish all thought of controlling it. Acting otherwise proved disastrous in the past, and is simply fatuous to-day. Every system which would escape the fate of an organism too rigid to adjust itself to its environment, must be plastic to the extent that the growth of knowledge demands.¹

Now let us revert to the sentence of the above which is quoted by Professor Dewar, and is indeed the text of that part of his address: "We claim, and we shall wrest, from theology the entire domain of cosmological theory."

"Theology" is the science which treats of the nature, attributes, and modes of working of the Deity; "cosmology" is the science which deals with the origin, qualities, and properties, active or passive, of the material world; a "domain" is either the lordship over a territory, or the territory under rule. And, put into less figurative and formal language, these words mean that the science which treats of the nature, attributes, and modes of working of the Deity has nothing to tell us of the origin, qualities, and properties of the material world, can throw no light upon them, and is, therefore, not worth listening to on the point.

Now one of three things must be true. Either there is no Deity, in

which case there can be no science about Him, and it is impossible to wrest anything from that which has no existence; or there is a Deity, but we can know nothing about Him, in which case there can equally be no science of theology; or, thirdly, there is at any rate a Great First Cause, who has revealed Himself to some extent to man, and of whose attributes, etc., man can thus form some idea. If this last be the true state of the case (and we may gather from Tyndall's address that this was the direction in which his own convictions pointed), surely every scientist must regard the material universe as one of the most striking revelations of its supreme author which He has afforded.

And thus we are brought to this signification of Tyndall's dictum, viz. that the students of cosmology claim that the most striking revelation of Himself which God has given to man is no part of that science which deals with His nature and attributes. This seems hardly a scientific or logical position. Theology may or may not have grappled satisfactorily with the problems. She may need direction and limitation, but she can be no more dispossessed by physical science than the starry heavens can be shut to Galileo by the Index Expurgatorius.

An analogous, though not an identical, relation to that between theology and physical science may be traced between history and archaeology. For many ages history held its own almost, if not entirely, unaltered by the researches and discoveries of the archaeologist. History so isolated not infrequently drew unwarranted conclusions, not so much on her theoretical and æsthetic side (for the philosophy of history and politics has advanced but slowly) as in her facts, and especially in their details. And she left, and, for the matter of that, still leaves, much unaccounted for and unexplained.

¹ "Forty-fourth Report of the British Association" (1874), p. xcv.

Archæology, dealing with the material part, the dry bones, of the subject, has corrected some of her conclusions. But what would be thought of an attempt to wrest from history the whole domain of archæology for this reason? How great would have been the loss if Layard and Flinders Petrie, Sayce and Evans had turned Herodotus out of court! For many years the most suggestive pages of the Father of History have seemed as idle tales, and those too impatient to tolerate an apparent paradox, or to wait for a solution of a startling statement, dubbed him the father of lies. But wider knowledge has largely vindicated the Greek, and the process is still going on. It is, for instance, only quite recently that the excavations in Crete have verified the accuracy of the stories of Minos, the labyrinth and the Minotaur.

And just as the day is dawning when not only is archæology corroborating history, but history is, in innumerable cases, interpreting and vivifying antiquarian discoveries in a very unexpected manner, so there are many persons who are quite willing to bide in patience for the time when theology will illuminate many a scientific problem, and when science shall throw an unlooked-for light on theology.

The truth is that there are two classes of minds, each of which finds it extremely difficult, not merely to sympathize with, but to conceive the attitude of the other. The one is slow to believe anything the truth of which has not been either proved experimentally or logically shown to be probable. The other experiences no difficulty in saying "*credo quia impossibile*," and indeed regards such an attitude in the finite postulated by the existence of the infinite. For both these modes of thought there can be for many people no common and simultaneous acceptance. But it does not necessarily fol-

low that either should attack the other. In the Middle Ages, the theologian assaulted the scientist with great success, having the "bayonets" on his side. Thirty years ago the tables were turned, and the scientist's onslaught on the theologian is expressed by Tyndall in a tone as decided as that of Urban the Eighth. Each wished to "wrest the domain of cosmological theory" from the other, and neither had the smallest right to do anything of the sort!

Another great obstacle to a common understanding is a verbal one. All men's thoughts are better than their words. Every one knows what it is to have ideas passing through the mind which the language at the thinker's command is totally inadequate to express. In the case of an exact science, this difficulty is in some degree met by the coining of new words, a practice so prevalent in the present day as to have lately called forth a vigorous protest in some quarters. But theology is not an exact science, and its subject-matter is to a large extent incapable of precise definition, as the history of all sects and heresies abundantly shows. Words are commonly used in a vague and general sense, and this vagueness is intolerable to minds trained in the schools of experimental research.

The true *eirenicon* consists in the frank recognition of these facts, and of the right of either party to traverse the whole domain of human thought without an indictment of trespass, each retaining its own opinion of the ability of the other to discover and develop the resources of that domain, but without interference with its proceedings. If this were fully recognized science would at any rate be the gainer by her liberty to attract an audience from among those who, being much affected by theological and ecclesiastical influences, are scared by a

militant attitude on the part of the scientist.

There is perhaps no better example of the character and value of such a position than the bearing which it would have on the acceptance of the great doctrine of evolution. As a working hypothesis which affords from the purely material side of the question a probable explanation of a vast body of fact, and which furnishes an admirable basis for the co-ordination and classification of cosmical phenomena, it receives the adhesion of almost every one at all qualified to form an opinion. And this is all that science need, or indeed does, demand for her most brilliant generalizations. Let us hear Professor Dewar's finely expressed statement of her posture.

It is only poverty of language [he says], and the necessity of compendious expression, that oblige the man of science to resort to metaphor, and to speak of the laws of Nature. In reality, he does not pretend to formulate any laws for Nature, since to do so would be to assume a knowledge of the inscrutable cause from which alone such laws could emanate. When he speaks of a "law of Nature" he simply indicates a sequence of events which, so far as his experience goes, is invariable, and which therefore enables him to predict, to a certain extent, what will happen in given circumstances. But however seemingly bold may be the speculation in which he permits himself to indulge, he does not claim for his best hypothesis more than a provisional validity. He does not forget that to-morrow may bring a new experience compelling him to recast the hypothesis of to-day. This plasticity of scientific thought, depending on reverent recognition of the vastness of the unknown, is oddly made a matter of reproach by the very people who harp upon the limitations of human knowledge.

But the theologian approaches the matter from another standpoint. He

is accustomed to resolve problems according to what he considers to be their absolute and abstract truth or falsehood, and he asks, not whether "so far as experience goes" the theory of evolution holds good, but whether it is in fact the true explanation of the material world as we see it, and how far it is so. Is it not evident that science cannot, and does not profess to, give an answer? But two things are plain. That environment does modify the type of living organisms cannot be denied by any one. That all such organisms have been evolved from one primordial form cannot be affirmed with any certainty.

Between these two extremes lies an ocean of possibilities. Each man will adopt his position partly according to the character of his own mind, partly according to the value he attaches to abstract doctrines, partly according to his capacity for collecting evidence and for weighing it fairly. Why should he not hold it without insisting that his neighbor should assume it also? Why should not the man who cannot accept the Darwinian doctrine as the real explanation of the problems it claims to solve entertain it as a working hypothesis? Why should the Darwinian wrest the domain of cosmological theory from him when he himself can claim nothing more for his best hypothesis about the cosmos than provisional validity?

Professor Dewar asserts that science adopts a humble and a reverent attitude. He confesses on her behalf her "ignorance of the ultimate nature of matter, of the ultimate nature of energy, and still more of the origin and ultimate synthesis of the two." Nay, further, he regards the mystery of matter as inscrutable. One of the greatest theologians who ever existed asserted an equal humility for theology more than 1800 years ago, when he declared that he saw through a glass darkly,

and knew only in part. Whether the theologian and the natural philosopher will ever see perfectly eye to eye until both stand face to face with Him whose actings they alike study, and know even as they are known, may well be doubted. But every true advance achieved by either must necessarily tend to bring them to the same goal however temporarily divergent the winding and intricate paths leading thereto may appear to be. Theology, no less than natural science (to quote after Professor Dewar the noble words of Lord Kelvin), is "bound by

The Nineteenth Century and After.

the everlasting law of honor to face fearlessly every problem that can fairly be presented to it," and to assert its right to range over every domain of theory with absolute freedom. It is not by elbowing out her sister that either will promote her own true interests, but by patient and tolerant occupation and development of a field amply sufficient for both to seek to advance side by side from one conquest to another till both shall join hands in the full enlightenment of the perfect day.

Northumberland.

THE UNREST OF EURIPIDES.*

Prof. Murray is one of those rare classical scholars who add to their professional erudition a fine and ardent sense of things literary. This double quality marks every page of his contribution to the series of volumes on "The Athenian Drama." It is a book which should appeal to readers of all types and of every grade of attainment; charming in outward form, with its delightful illustrations from Greek vases; and singularly complete and satisfying in its union of great critical insight with exceptional felicity in the difficult art of verse translation. With the possible exception of Browning's "Balaustion's Adventure" and "Aristophanes' Apology," we know of no work which brings the English reader more closely into touch with fifth-century Athens and with the spiritual issues which were then swaying the minds of men so different and yet so strangely akin as Aristophanes and Euripides. Out of the material available for his purpose, Prof. Murray has

chosen, firstly, the "Hippolytus" and the "Bacchae," to the latter of which, in particular, he devotes his introductory essay; secondly, the "Frogs" of Aristophanes, "the chief ancient criticism of Euripides, a satire penetrating, brilliant, and, though preposterously unfair, still exceedingly helpful"; and, thirdly, a certain number of the lost plays, the outlines of which he endeavors to trace from such notices and fragments of them as survive.

The "Hippolytus" is, of course, one of Euripides' earlier plays, written in the first eager days of the Athenian hegemony, when all the world seemed breaking into flower together, before the bitterness and the disillusion came. It tells how Hippolytus served the austere wood goddess Artemis, and neglected Aphrodite, and how Aphrodite would be revenged, and through her might made Phaedra a flaming sword and brought Hippolytus to ruin. It would not be from Euripides if it had not its irony and its questioning of established things; but in the main it is marked by the serene beauty of all the

* "Euripides." Translated by Gilbert Murray.
(George Allen.)

earlier plays. The quality of Phædra's love, as Prof. Murray notes, "apart from its circumstances, is entirely fragrant and clear." And, from beginning to end, the piece is full of exquisite poetry. Hippolytus enters with a prayer to his mistress:—

To thee this wreathèd garland, from a
green
And virgin meadow bear I, O my
Queen,
Where never shepherd leads his graz-
ing ewes
Nor scythe has touched. Only the river
dews
Gleam, and the spring bee sings, and
in the glade
Hath Solitude her mystic garden made.

From the choruses we select that which is sung at the crisis of the play, while the poor love-distraught Phædra is setting her white neck to the "noose of death" behind the stage. The pastoral aspiration comes as an interlude between two passion-flecked scenes:—

Could I take me to some cavern for
mine hiding,
In the hill-tops where the Sun scarce
hath trod;
Or a cloud make the home of mine
abiding,
As a bird among the bird-droves of
God!
Could I wing me to my rest amid
the roar
Of the deep Adriatic on the shore,
Where the water of Eridanus is clear,
And Phæthon's sad sisters by his
grave
Weep into the river, and each tear
Gleams, a drop of amber, in the
wave.

To the strand of the Daughters of the
Sunset,
The Apple-tree, the singing and the
gold;
Where the mariner must stay him from
his onset,
And the red wave is tranquil as of
old;
Yea, beyond that Pillar of the End
That Atlas guardeth, would I wend;

Where a voice of living waters never
ceaseth

In God's quiet garden by the sea,
And Earth, the ancient life-giver, in-
creaseth

Joy among the meadows, like a tree.

Half a century elapsed between "Hippolytus" and the "Bacchæ." In the interval the tragedy of Athens had been played. All the high hopes had faded. Hegemony had degenerated into empire. And then came the war, with its pitiful relaxation of moral and intellectual fibre. Athens, once "farther removed from primitive savagery" than any other people, had learnt from Cleon not to be "misled by the three most deadly enemies of empire, Pity and Eloquent Sentiments, and the Generosity of Strength." Euripides himself had incurred the dislike of his fellow-countrymen, and had had to leave Athens, under circumstances unknown to us, "because of the malicious exultation over him of nearly all the city." He fled to Macedonia, and dwelt on the wild northern slopes of Olympus:—

In the elm-woods and the oaken,
There where Orpheus harped of old,
And the trees awoke and knew him,
And the wild things gathered to him,
As he sang amid the broken
Glens his music manifold.

Here he wrote the "Bacchæ," which was produced, not quite finished, after his death. It is a story of how a god came to his own and his own received him not. The god was Dionysus:—

A man of charm and spell, from Lyd-
ian seas,
A head all gold and cloudy fragrances,
A wine-red cheek, and eyes that hold
the light
Of the very Cyprian!

Having won all the East to his wor-
ship, he set his foot in Thebes, the
home of his mother Semele. And all
the women, led by Agave, sister of

Semele, and mother of the King Pentheus, followed him in his wild rites upon the hills. Even the ancient Cadmus and Teiresias took the thyrsus in their hands and set the ivy-wreath upon their heads. Here is a chant of the Bacchanal maidens:—

Where is the Home for me?
O Cyprus, set in the sea,
Aphrodite's home In the soft sea-foam,
Would I could wend to thee;
Where the wings of the Loves are
furled,
And faint the heart of the world.

Aye, or to Paphos' isle,
Where the rainless meadows smile
With riches rolled From the hundred-
fold

Mouths of the far-off Nile,
Streaming beneath the waves
To the roots of the sea-ward caves.

But a better land is there
Where Olympus cleaves the air,
The high still dell Where the Muses
dwell,
Fairest of all things fair!
O there is Grace, and there is the
Heart's Desire,
And peace to adore thee, thou Spirit
of Guiding Fire!

Only King Pentheus will not hear; and calls the stranger before him, and lays gyves upon him. And the god sends a frenzy upon Pentheus, and leads him to spy out the revels on Cithaeron, and there at the bidding of Dionysus he is taken by the inspired women and torn limb from limb. In one of the best critical essays known to us, Prof. Murray endeavors to elucidate the bearings of Euripides' thought in this difficult and enigmatic play. In one of its aspects it is clearly like much that he wrote, an impeachment of the divinity.

The sympathy of the audience is with Dionysus while he is persecuted; doubtful while he is just taking his vengeance; utterly against him at the

end of the play. . . . The most significant point against Dionysus is its change of tone—the conversion, one might almost call it, of his own inspired "Wild Beasts," the Chorus of Asiatic Bacchanals, after the return of Agavê with her son's severed head. The change is clearly visible in that marvellous scene itself. It is emphasized in the sequel. Those wild singers, who raged so loudly in praise of the god's vengeance before they saw what it was, fall, when once they have seen it, into dead silence. . . . And they go off at the end with no remark, good or evil, about their triumphant and hateful Dionysus, uttering only those lines of brooding resignation with which Euripides closed so many of his tragedies.

On the other hand, there is equally clear in the play an attempt to find expression in the symbols and utterances of the Dionysus-worship for certain aspirations and ideals, which had come, at the gray end of his vexed life, to be Euripides' own. In the cool of the hills, away from the bad dream of a disillusioned Athens, he had grown, as the whole of Greek thought shortly after him was to grow, to look for glimpses of the joy and truth of life, not in the wisdom of civilization, but in the content of a soul which has accepted the harmony of nature, and holds the key to some of her intimacies.

Knowledge, we are not foes!

I seek thee diligently:

But the world with a great wind
blows,

Shining, and not from thee;
Blowing to beautiful things,

On amid dark and light,
Till Life through the trammellings
Of Laws that are not the Right,
Breaks, clean and pure, and sings
Glory to God in the height!

The quotations which we have given will serve to show the quality of Prof. Murray's translation. It seems to us

very remarkable indeed. He is one of the very few translators whose work gives the effect, not of a translation at all, but of a substantive poem. More than adequate in the dialogue, he rises at times in the lyrics to heights of quite extraordinary felicity. We do not believe that he has ever published a volume of poems, but it is impossible that he should have none of his own to give us. As a translator, his method is audacious, and fully justifies itself by its success. First, he tells us, came "close study of the letter, and careful tracking of the spirit by means of its subtleties." This took shape in translations or paraphrases made for lecture use, which were "prose, stilted and long-winded prose, and the original is gleaming poetry." Then comes the second part of the task. "The groundwork of careful translation once laid, I have thought no more about anything but the poetry." The course has its

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pitfalls, and Prof. Murray fears that many scholars will think that he has made Euripides too "modern."

My answer is that, if in a matter of scholarship, it is well to be "safe" or even to "hedge," in a matter of Art any such cowardice is fatal. I have in my own mind a fairly clear conception of what I take to be the spirit of Euripides, and I have kept my hands very free in trying to get over it.

We should add that the one thing which has been most effectually borne in upon our minds in reading this book is that Euripides precisely is "modern." After all, the world has not moved very much, in essentials, since the fifth century B.C. We have the electric light, and we can no longer paint vases. But those are details, and the problems and the unrest of Euripides are still our problems and our unrest.

THE WINTER SLEEP OF ENGLISH ANIMALS.

Winter sleep among animals is not a merely physical effect of cold, though it is closely connected with the fall of temperature. It is often said that the cold "sends them to sleep," just as warmth undoubtedly awakens them. But it would seem that in the beginning it was a half-voluntary device to meet the coming of famine. To keep warm and to go to sleep is a natural shift when weakness ensues from cold and hunger. The half-starved peasants in parts of Russia have recourse to a hibernation almost like that of animals; and when travellers are overtaken in blizzards and snow-storms the impulse to slumber is almost irresistible, but because they have no warm shelter to sleep in they die of cold even

when in a state of lethargy. A dormouse would probably do the same if taken out of its nest when asleep and left in the snow. Considering the mildness of our winters and the shortness of the average time of really hard weather, the number of English animals, from mammals to the humblest molluscs, which hibernate, and do so for many months, is somewhat remarkable. Contrasting the periods of low temperature with those during which they pass their time wholly or partly in winter sleep, it is clear that the two do not in any degree correspond. Nothing but sheer love of slumber could excuse them from getting up and going about their business if cold were all they had to fear.

But in our islands, as in most other places, hibernation is a device not to avoid cold, but to escape death by famine. It is a temporary suspension of vital faculties and bodily waste during the months in which the cold might be quite endurable. But the growth of most plants has ceased, and most of the insects which depend upon vegetable food are either dead or are themselves hibernating. The insect-feeding birds which live mainly on perfectly developed forms of insects fly away altogether. Those which live largely on the eggs and larvae of insects hidden in bark, like the tits and tree-creepers, or those which, like the wag-tails, eat aquatic forms which survive to some extent during the winter because the temperature of running water alters slowly, can remain. But our insects and mollusca which either do not or cannot migrate, and very many of our insect-eating or insect-and-vegetable-eating mammals, take refuge from famine in sleep.

Of our mammals the proportion wholly or partly insectivorous is considerable. In the first place, there are all the bats, of which the English species feed on nothing else but insects, and those winged insects entirely. There are one or two species of bat which crawl on the earth and feed on creeping things, but our bats seek their food wholly in the air. The smallest and commonest species is sometimes seen out until quite late in the autumn, for there are occasionally insects and moths flying in November. But the greater number of the bats seek secluded holes in roofs and church towers, and there, huddling together for some degree of warmth, sleep away the gnatless months in a cold lethargy. Besides the bats, we have a considerable proportion of the insect-feeding ground mammals belonging to natural orders whose food is mainly limited to such fare all the world over. The

common shrew, the water shrew, and the elephant shrew are among these. Also, in a large degree, the dormouse is an insect-feeder. So is the delicate little harvest mouse and the hedgehog, who, though he is omnivorous, depends much on slugs, beetles, and larvae for his supper; and the list grows until we reach the badger, a truly gigantic creature to depend so far on insect food that when winter comes he feels obliged to retire from the world and take refuge in the universal panacea of winter lethargy. The writer of an excellent article in the *Field* on a tame female badger which he kept for seven years stated that it was her invariable practice to go out slug-hunting every evening, and that these and such "soft" insect food were her favorite provender. The hedgehog does exactly the same, and though the slugs which it eats are small, and almost invisible, they are rooted from under every fallen leaf by the hedgehog's sensitive snout. When the winter causes the snails to creep away into holes and stop up their shells till the spring, sends underground all the slugs, banishes the worms to a depth from which they will not emerge in a frost, and kills all the wasps and undeveloped wasp-grubs, the badger retires to bed, curls himself up, and sleeps until the bluebells begin to sprout in the woods in spring, when he comes out again, once more seeks his snails and slugs, and further satisfies his appetite by digging up hyacinth bulbs and roots. The hedgehog retires early, first collecting a good thick nest of dead leaves and moss under a hedge or in a rabbit-hole. The dormice convert birds' nests by pulling out the linings and making a dome to them, and the shrews disappear below ground. It is possible that the water shrews, which could find a store of aquatic larvae still surviving, may move and feed in winter. But the other shrews are

never seen, nor are the harvest mice. The field mice and voles are awake, and their tracks may constantly be seen in the snow. The voles will peel young shoots and forage for the smallest atom of green all the winter through. The field mice, which make a store of nuts and kernels, clearly do not hibernate, or they would not need to store food; but they retire mainly below ground during hard weather. Squirrels, though they doubtless spend much time in their nest in cold weather, may often be seen frisking in the snow. Their habit of making partial and sporadic collections of food elsewhere than in the nest shows that, being vegetable and nut feeders, they have no need to fear famine. Last week the squirrels were especially active in the woods. The writer watched a pair foraging on the ground for acorns under some high cover which was being driven by beaters. One squirrel which had secured a particularly fine and large acorn would not drop it, but came galloping from under the coppice wood carrying it in its mouth past one of the guns. It then rushed up a tree, transferred the nut to its hands, and chattered with rage and indignation at the intruders below it.

The hibernation of the lower creatures, whose withdrawal forces the long list of English mammals above-mentioned to forget their hunger in oblivion, is remarkable and complete. A great number die,—gnats, many butterflies and moths, flies, dragon-flies, and *ephemeridae*. But the proportion which hibernate is very large, though they have a singular power of total disappearance. Scarcely any one ever finds a hibernating house-fly, yet these disagreeable creatures do hibernate, and will come out when any part of a house is heated above the normal winter temperature. Many butterflies,

especially the vanessas, creep away and sleep through the winter, and emerge at the first breath of spring warmth. Brimstone butterflies have been seen in the fields on exceptionally hot days in January. The bees, which are too clever to go entirely to sleep, but store food and keep themselves warm, suffer for their cleverness in some degree by going abroad on tempting winter days, and then being benumbed and unable to find their way home. The English ants hibernate, so do the queen wasps, humble-bees, earwigs, and those humble representatives of the crustacea, the woodlice, though there are certain moths which emerge from the pupa and fly by night even in the frost and snow of January. That there is a partial famine of insect life in the fresh waters of our ponds and brooks seems evident from the practice of the frogs and efts. These batrachians feed mainly on insect food of various kinds. When the waters begin to feel the touch of autumn frost there is a regular hibernation of these denizens of the water. The efts leave that element altogether, crawl out on to dry land, wriggle down into the earth between cracks, or under stacks of fagots or rubbish, and are there often disturbed when the earth is dug or the fagots removed. Frogs hibernate under water (where Gilbert White inclined to think that swallows did also), and lie in masses clasped together until the spring brings them to life. The toads retire to holes in the ground and in hollow trees for a like period; and the snakes curl up and sleep in holes in the ground, manure heaps, and among rotten leaves. Thus winter sleep, partial or complete, is the rule, not the exception, among British animals, of which the mole, the fox, the deer, the hare, the rabbit, the rat, and the otter, which do not hibernate, are in the minority.

THE OLD SCEPTIC.

I am weary of disbelieving: why should I wound my love
To pleasure a sophist's pride in a graven image of truth?
I will go back to my home, with the clouds and the stars above,
And the heaven I used to know, and the God of my buried youth.

I will go back to the home where of old in my boyish pride
I pierced my father's heart with a murmur of unbelief;
He only looked in my face as I spoke, but his mute eyes cried
Night after night in my dreams; and he died in grief, in grief.

Oh, yes; I have read the books, the books that we write ourselves,
Extolling our love of an abstract truth and our pride of debate:
I will go back to the love of the cotter who sings as he delves,
To that childish infinite love and the God above fact and date.

To that ignorant infinite God who colors the meaningless flowers,
To that lawless infinite Poet who matches the law with the crime;
To the Weaver who covers the world with a garment of wonderful hours,
And holus in His hand like threads the antinomies of time.

Is the faith of the cotter so simple and narrow as this? Ah, well,
It is hardly so narrow as yours who daub and plaster with dyes
The shining mirrors of heaven, the shadowy mirrors of hell,
And blot out the dark deep vision, if it seem to be framed with lies.

No faith I hurl against you, no fact to freeze your sneers;
Only the doubt you taught me to weld in the fires of youth
Leaps to my hand like the flaming sword of nineteen hundred years,
The sword of the high God's answer, *O Pilate, what is truth?*

Your laughter has killed more hearts than ever were pierced with swords,
Ever you daub new mirrors and turn the old to the wall;
And more than blood is lost in the weary battle of words;
For creeds are many; but God is One, and contains them all.

I will go back to my home and look at the wayside flowers,
And hear from the wayside cabins the sweet old hymns again,
Where Christ holds out His arms in the quiet evening hours,
And the light of the chapel porches broods on the peaceful lane.

And there I shall hear men praying the deep old foolish prayers,
And there I shall see, once more, the fond old faith confessed,
And the strange old light on their faces who hear as a blind man hears,—
Come unto Me, ye weary, and I will give you rest.

I will go back and believe in the deep old foolish tales,
 And pray the sweet old prayers that I learned at my mother's knee,
 Where the Sabbath tolls its peace thro' the breathless mountain-vales,
 And the sunset's evening hymn hallows the wistful sea.

The Spectator.

Alfred Noyes.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Frank T. Bullen, whose sketches of sea life have been widely popular, is busy upon an historical novel, the hero of which is Admiral Blake.

An English version of the Aeneid, in the Spenserian stanza, by Fairfax Taylor, is one of the forthcoming volumes in the Temple Classics.

The Longmans are about to publish Mr. Frederic Myers's posthumous work, "Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have in press for publication in March an anthology of "The Poets of Transcendentalism" edited by George W. Cooke.

The Harpers will make three contributions to February fiction: "In the Garden of Charity" by Basil King; "The Pride of Tellfair" by Elmore Elliott Peake; and "Six Trees" by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman.

Frances Charles, who wrote a story with the striking title "In the Country God Forgot" a year or more ago, is the author of "The Siege of Youth," a story of present-day life in San Francisco, which Little, Brown & Co. are to publish.

Henry Lawson, whose striking stories of Australian life have been en-

joyed by readers of *The Living Age*, met recently with a serious accident. He fell from a cliff outside Sydney harbor and sustained severe injuries.

A Life of Robert Buchanan has been written by his sister-in-law, Miss Harriet Jay, and will soon be published. The volume includes correspondence with Herbert Spencer and other well-known men.

The last work of the late Julian Ralph was a number of articles on American subjects, which he undertook to write for *Harper's Magazine*. The first of these articles, entitled "The American Tyrol" will appear in the March number.

The central idea of Anna Chapin Ray's new novel "The Dominant Strain" which Little, Brown & Co. have in press, is said to be the mistake which a woman makes who attempts to reform a man after marriage. It is a lesson which has often been taught before, both in history and fiction, but doubtless women will go on making the mistake.

Professor Woodberry's *Life of Poe*, in the American Men of Letters series, is to be published in a new edition in May by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The author has availed himself of newly-discovered material in the preparation

of this revision, with the result of expanding it into two volumes.

Admirers of Dickens will hear with mixed emotions, in which apprehension and indignation will dominate, the announcement of a reprint of that author's "Fugitive Verse." The Academy remarks that very few people know Charles Dickens as a versifier; but the reason is that very little of his verse is worth knowing.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce for early publication "The New America: A Study of the Imperial Republic." It is written by Mr. Beckles Willson who, as a Canadian by birth, with some experience in American journalism, and now a resident of England, should be able to treat his subject from several different points of view.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel "Lady Rose's Daughter" will be published by Harper & Bros. in three editions, one for the favored few, who have plenty of money to spend, the others for the multitude of readers who care more to have the story in good serviceable dress than in decorations. The more costly edition will be limited to 350 copies, in two volumes, bound in pale blue and gold, each copy containing an autograph of the author.

The latest curiosity in the way of publishing is the "Autograph" Dickens, and is issued by Mr. G. D. Sproul, of York Street, Covent Garden. The "Autograph" Dickens is to be completed in fifty-six volumes and the price is £8 net per volume. In all there will be over five thousand illustrations, many by living artists, and these bear the artists' autographs. The various volumes are to have introductions by different writers, amongst those named being Mr. Sidney Lee, Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Glissing. Certainly no one would care to read Dick-

ens from these bulky volumes; the series is evidently designed not for readers, but for collectors of the unusual. There is also to be a "Dunstan" edition of Dickens, printed on vellum and illuminated. The price of each set is somewhere about £20,000.

Vivid and varied are the "Recollections of a Long Life"—the Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler's autobiography, which the Baker & Taylor Co. publish. Dr. Cuyler has passed his eightieth birthday. He retains almost unimpaired the rare vigor of health which enabled him to preach fifty-six years, without a single Sunday spent in bed; and in these pages, written in the leisure of tranquil age, he records his recollections of famous people at home and abroad, and his experiences as a pastor and author. It is doubtful whether any other living American can recall a chat with the poet Wordsworth: yet this is only one of Dr. Cuyler's recollections of a visit made to England sixty years ago, during which he also talked with Carlyle, called upon Charles Dickens, and saw the young Queen, with the Prince Consort and the baby girl who afterward became the mother of Emperor William, drive out of Windsor Castle. Dr. Cuyler also knew Washington Irving, Webster, Greeley, Whittier and other distinguished Americans of the last century, and the most eminent hymn-writers, reformers and preachers of England and the United States. Of all these he writes delightfully, as well as of his own experiences in religious work. Keen observation, discriminating judgment, wise reflection and withal a lively humor characterize the book, not to mention a measure of condensation which attests the skill acquired by long writing for the press. The book is of modest proportions and contains no dull pages. It is illustrated with several portraits.

THE TURNING DERVISH.

Stars in the heavens turn,
I worship like a star,
And in its footsteps learn
Where peace and wisdom are.

Man crawls as a worm crawls;
Till dust with dust he lies,
A crooked line he scrawls
Between the earth and skies.

Yet God, having ordained
The course of star and sun,
No creature hath constrained
A meaner course to run.

I, by his lesson taught,
Imaging his design,
Have diligently wrought
Motion to be divine.

I turn until my sense,
Dizzied with waves of air,
Spins to a point intense,
And spires and centres there.

There, motionless in speed,
I drink that flaming peace,
Which in the heavens doth feed
The stars with bright increase.

Some spirit in me doth move
Through ways of light untrod,
Till, with excessive love,
I drown, and am in God.

Arthur Symons.

The Saturday Review.

Span that abyss of life-encircling
gloom?

"Even to the edge of doom"—and
thence away

Beyond all limits love will sing and
soar,

Till far beneath his feet he sees the
day

Dawn o'er the world and dawn for
evermore,—

And learns at last that doom's abyss
of night

Is but the shadow flung from God's
own light.

Edmond Holmes.

IN A GARDEN WILD.

There is a garden,
A garden wild,
And in it wanders
A little child.

The angels are fraying
A path for His feet,
And high in the branches
The birds sing sweet.

And who can know
How His heart may yearn,
Or who can see
What His eyes discern?

But Mary is calling
"Come home, my son;
The shadows are falling,
The day is done."

Lady Lindsay.

"EVEN TO THE EDGE OF DOOM."

"Even to the edge of doom love bears
it out,"

So sung of old love's poet. Ay—and
then?—

Will love recoil, trembling with fear
and doubt,

From any doom that waits for mortal
men?

"Even to the edge of doom"—the poet
sings.

So far—no further? Will the depths of
doom

Engulf poor love, or will his seraph
wings

DAYBREAK.

Thou hast not looked on Yesterday,
Nor shall To-morrow see;

Upon thy solitary way
Is none to pilot thee.

Thou comest to thine own
A stranger and alone.

And yet, alas! thy countenance
To us familiar seems;

The wonder of thy wakening glance,
The vanishing of dreams,

Is like an old refrain

From silence come again.

John B. Tabb.